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DECEMBER 2017



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GOOGLE ENGINEER'S EQUATION FOR HAPPINESS

CENSORSHIP DOWN UNDER: OUR REDACTED PAST

KIM JONG-UN'S SECRET BITCOIN STASH

IS THE DOOMSDAY CLOCK TICKING AGAIN?

INTERVIEW: WONDER WOMAN GAL GADOT

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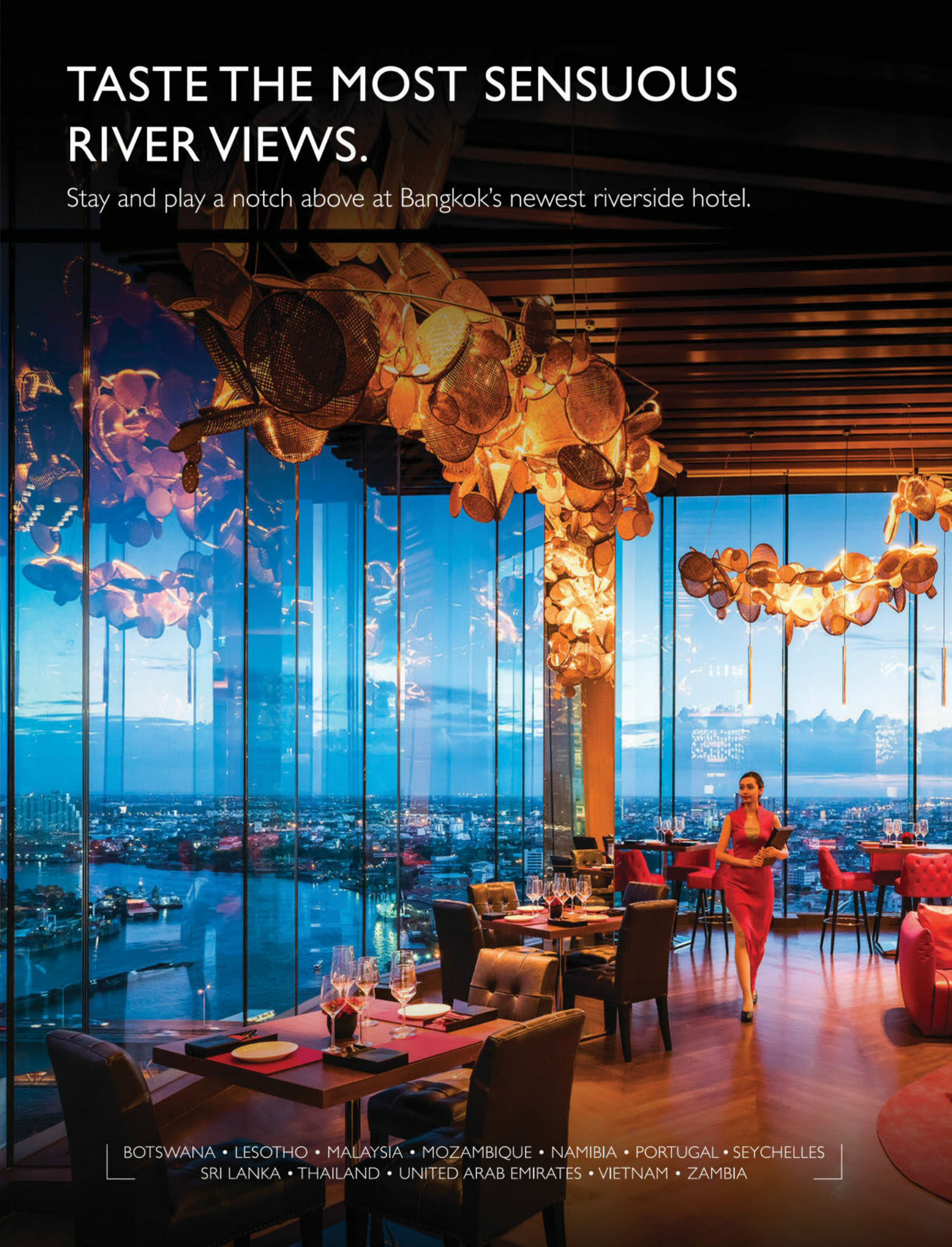
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## FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to our Retro Issue. Talk to anyone from the 'good old days' and you're assured to hear how much better everything was 'back in the day'. "They just don't make things like they used to." Maybe old mate on the street – the one missing a tooth and forever with a beer in one hand and a ciggie in the other – preaching about the merits of the past is right. Maybe, things were better…

After all, in the 'good old days', things were simpler.

Dating apps didn't exist – if you wanted to meet a girl, well, that would need to happen in person. And if you managed to get her number, you would need to call her at home and pray the parents didn't pick up. And what if you wanted to catch up with a mate? You would have to visit his house and check if his pushbike was lying out the front.

Ideas are better off spoken and aired, at least that's what we believe, so in keeping with the theme of free speech we tracked down the world's most dangerous man. Turn to the Interview with serial provocateur Milo Yiannopoulos and find out why he says he's a Western supremacist.

Fred and and his tent-boxing troupe have travelled their way around the Australian outback, leaving audiences in awe and more than a few unlucky punters with black eyes. Get your fix in Sport.

This month's Feature takes a punt at figuring out the key to happiness. It sounds like a long shot but there is some solid advice to be had, and this genius Google software engineer reckons he's got it figured out: just don't forget to smile.

Hollywood had its worst summer in living memory thanks to an over-reliance on rehashed concepts that nobody really wants to see, proving that just because something is old it's not automatically make it cool, or worthy of a reboot. Some things should be left to the depths of time and don't need reviving – read about it in Film then flick to Stephen Corby's column, Old School Doesn't Mean Cool.

Of course, we've got babes, columns by some of Australia's heavy hitters, a salute to the man who started it all, Bob Guccione, and much more in this issue dedicated to the 'good old days'.



**NATHAN HARMOND**
Editor




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# 115

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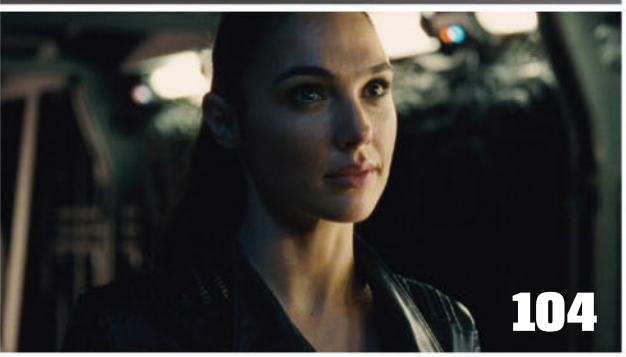
















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# Hello!

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# HIGH ALL THE TIME

KIM JONG-UN'S ERRATIC BEHAVIOUR MAKES ALL THE MORE SENSE IF YOU CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY THAT HE'S ON ONE HELL OF A METH BENDER.

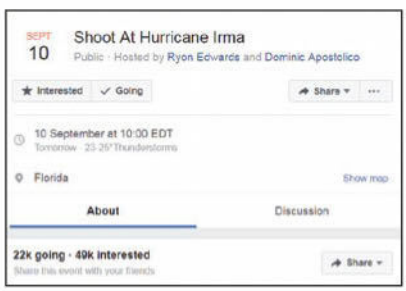


WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

# FLORIDA SHERIFF WARNS LOCALS NOT TO SHOOT AT HURRICANE

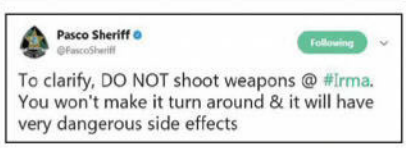
ALL over the internet people are claiming that the recent spate of record-breaking hurricanes and floods in the United States is the result of climate change or, more bizarrely, because the planet is punishing the Yanks for electing a walking end of days as their leader. While we'd like to imagine the earth meting out justice for bad electoral decisions, there's really nothing strange about hurricanes in hurricane season. Except, that is, for the reaction of one group of Floridians who decided that the best course of action was to grab their rifles and shoot at Hurricane Irma until it turned around. God bless America.

Ryon Edwards, a 22-year-old Florida man who started a Facebook event to shoot at the Category 5 storm, wrote: "Yo so this goofy looking windy heada** named Irma said they pulling up on us, lets show Irma that we shoot first." Other local gun owners caught wind of the young man's genius idea and before long more than 50,000 people were interested in firing off some shots in the hope of moving the hurricane along. We're sure they understand that's not how wind works, but hey, what the hell, they weren't hurting anybody.










Except maybe they were. A Florida sheriff begged local citizens to refrain from indulging their second amendment rights for that day, warning that the bullets might come back to hurt somebody and accurately pointing out that firing your weapon at a hurricane "won't turn it around". The fact that this has to be made clear is one of the reasons America is such a special place.

Other strategies for fighting Irma included scaring the hurricane with flamethrowers, "spinning your arms really fast" to push it away and destroying it by "cooling the Atlantic with ice cubes". Special.

CREDIT: HARVEPINO

# EVERLASTING ERECTION CAUSED BY BOTCHED NOSE JOB

A Croatian man has learnt a rather 'hard' lesson about vanity after a botched nose job left him with an erection that won't go away. While plenty of men might see the benefit in having a non-stop hard-on, it's actually a serious condition that is not only incredibly painful for the sufferer, but can result in total loss of function of your old man for good. Not so funny now, eh?

Neven Ciganovic is a 45-year-old reality TV star and self-professed plastic surgery addict. Dozens of surgeries on his jaw, nose, cheeks and lips have left him with a slightly odd appearance. Instead of looking like a middle-aged male as he should, the Belgrade-based stylist looks kind of like a 1000-year-old extra-terrestrial reptile. But he's heard all that before and says people often tell him he "looked better before surgery". He shrugs off the comments: "It was a long time ago and I'm curious, who will not look better if they are 20 years younger?"

The perma-boner was caused by a bad reaction to the anaesthetic he received while undergoing rhinoplasty in Iran, for a documentary about his life being filmed by Channel 4. He managed to get treatment for the priapism once he was back in Belgrade but doctors warned that the condition could persist for at least a few months.

The experience hasn't stopped his love affair with altering his appearance. He says he is considering more non-surgical procedures to change his look, such as a "vampiric facelift", in which platelets are taken from a patient's blood and injected underneath the skin to fill it out.



CREDIT:SHUTTERSTOCK

# SMART CU**S SWEAR MORE

A new study has found that the use of colourful language may indicate intelligence, rather than a lack of it, as previously believed.

Those of us who like to use a little colourful language already knew this to be the case, but it's nice when science confirms it. The goal of the study was to investigate certain personality types and which behaviours are linked to them.

Researchers at the University of Rochester questioned 1,000 people about 400 typical everyday habits – ranging from singing in the shower to eating spicy food and swearing – and found potty mouths tend to have a higher IQ.

Smartarses are also more likely to eat spicy breakfasts and walk around their homes naked, according to the report, which was published in the *Personality and Individual Differences* journal.

Another recent study found that swearing also acts as natural pain relief. Fuck yeah! Participants were asked to hold their hand in iced water for as long as they could tolerate, while repeating a swearword. They found that those who swore withstood the pain of the ice-cold water for longer, rated it as less painful and maintained steadier heartbeats than the test group who used neutral words.





# INSTANT REGRET AFTER MAN FUCKS COCONUT

GUYS love sticking their dicks in strange places. You can guarantee if it has a hole in it, somewhere, some guy has stuck his dick in it. Man's quest to fuck everything, animate or not, continues. The latest story comes courtesy of a coconut and a Reddit user by the name of coconutthrowaway69.

His story begins in Mozambique, where one day he decided to fuck a coconut as a means of spicing up his masturbation routine.

He writes: "I end up grabbing the coconut drill and through 20ish minutes of concerted effort end up creating a hole large enough for me to stick my porker into. I decide it requires some lube and grab the nearest slippery thing (some butter) before shoving it into the coconut followed shortly by my meat. I fuck the coconut and it actually feels pretty damn good so I blow my load, shove the coconut under my bed and continue about my day."

Over the next couple of days, he continued to bang the coconut, only to note that an increase in flies and an "odd, unpleasant smell" had filled his room during a spell of "humid, muggy weather". Despite the odour coming from the come-filled coconut, he decided it was good for one last session. "Worst mistake I have ever made," he writes.

"You see, the reason for the increased number of flies was that the coconut was evidently, in hindsight, a nearly perfect place to lay eggs. As I penetrate the coconut one last time I begin to feel a strange wriggling sensation. Puzzled, I pull my cock out to discover that it is *covered* in rotted and mouldy butter and semen and *teeming with tiny fucking maggots*. They were wriggling all over my dick head and some were even trying to force their way up into my urethra.

"I screamed and threw the coconut against the wall, which made the situation worse by spilling the contents. Hours of vigorous cock scrubbing, vomiting and cleaning the remnants were spent reflecting on what the fuck I was doing with my life."

The saga has been termed the 'coconutting' and joins in the long line of men fucking things they probably shouldn't.

## RAPPER BOW WOW GOT CALLED OUT!

**IT appeared to be just another day in the life of the supposedly rich and famous rapper Shad Moss aka Bow Wow, formerly, Lil' Bow Wow.**

**Bow Wow posted an image to Instagram of a private jet on a runway tarmac with the caption, "Travel Day. NYC press run for Growing Up Hip Hop. Lets gooo." His post suggested he was at DeKalb-Peachtree Airp ort in Georgia, about to board the jet.**

**However, not long after, a Snapchat user published an image of a seated Bow Wow on a standard commercial flight, with the caption, "So this guy Lil Bow Wow is on my flight to NY. But on Instagram, he posted a picture of a private jet captioned 'travelling to NY today'. SMH." Doesn't Bow Wow know you don't lie to the internet? Particularly if you're famous, instantly recognisable and demonstrably full of shit.**

**Fans quickly traced the source of the original image back to a stock photo of a private plane used by a Fort Lauderdale limousine company. Bow Wow was caught red-handed and has since deleted the post.**

**This isn't the first time Bow Wow has been caught out lying. Back in November, the rapper claimed to have passed up the chance to watch the Atlanta Falcons play from a private suite but fans quickly pointed out that it was a bye week for the Falcons, so the offer seemed doubtful.**

**The internet doesn't forget and social media users worldwide have started a social media challenge coined the #bowwowchallenge. It involves users posting images side-by-side: the first image a glamorous representation, or at least what they want people to believe, the second image the sad reality.**

CREDIT: ANSONMIAO

# DRUG SMUGGLERS BUSTED WITH GENITAL-SHAPED CANDLES

SUSPECTED affiliates of a Mexican drug cartel were found on August 29 attempting to smuggle US$1 million worth of methamphetamine into New York and New Jersey. But not through regular run-of-the-mill methods, no siree Bob. Get this: they concealed them in genitalia-shaped candles.

Five of the associates were detained when disguised Drug Enforcement Agency agents apparently fooled drug traffickers into transporting almost 590 kilograms of meth-infused candles to a warehouse in Paterson, NJ. A notable portion of the items were phallic-shaped while others had spiritual motifs, officials revealed.

"DEA has seen drugs smuggled in numerous ways: concealed in puppies, lollipops, furniture and produce," said James Hunt, a DEA Special Agent-in-Charge. "But secreting a million dollars worth of methamphetamine in wax candles of various shapes is shocking. This seizure signifies that drug-trafficking organisations are determined to create a stronghold of meth users in the Northeast."

Law enforcement agencies first received a tip-off that a huge batch of drugs was on the way, when a double agent held a consultation with one of the accused, Agustin Zamora Vega, in a Manhattan hostel to deliberate storage sites and cooking facilities.

The 'meth candles' arrived in Long Island, crammed into 27 cardboard containers, agents revealed. A media release said that the smugglers intended to stay in the warehouse until the illicit substances could be transformed into a crystal-meth variation. You've gotta admire their quality control techniques. The wax candles would have generated a vast quantity of quality crystal meth, according to the *New York Post*.



# ELEPHANT CRUSHES SELFIE SEEKER

FAILING to own a selfie stick proved fatal when a man was flattened after he attempted to take a photo with an elephant in India. The creature must have been camera shy for such an adverse reaction.

The man in question, later identified as 54-year-old Ashok Bharti, had been trying to snap a Kodak moment with the hairless Snuffleupagus when the scenario took a turn for the worst. Who could have predicted that outcome? According to the National Geographic Channel documentary *Elephant Rage*, some 500 people are killed by elephant attacks each year.

No one ever realises when it's going to be their last selfie attempt, so let this be a lesson to all you Narcissuses out there. Your time is better spent staring lustfully into a pond featuring your own reflection.

A forest official reported that the elephant was already grumpy before the shit went down. "We were trying to drive away the tusker [elephant] with the help of local people. But suddenly a person present went nearer to the tusker and tried to take a photograph of the elephant on his mobile phone." The official continued telling *The Times of India*, "He was also trying to take a selfie with the elephant when it turned on him."

Bharti was saved by locals and workers within the forest and transported to the Rourkela government hospital, only to be declared deceased by medical practitioners soon after. "We will provide compensation to the family of the deceased," Assistant Conservator of Forest JK Mohanty told *The Times of India*.

India has the most prominent number of selfie-related fatalities on the planet, with Mumbai establishing no-selfie zones to combat the hazardous practice. In January 2016 an 18-year-old woman plunged to her death while taking a photo of herself at Mumbai's Bandstand Fort, a notable tourist location. Perhaps natural selection hasn't gone out of fashion after all.



CREDIT:OBEWON



# SKYDIVING NUDIST VIOLINIST

**A LOT of regular folk would never consider hurling themselves from an aircraft, let alone in the nude. However, Aussie musician Glen Donnelly embraced the challenge with open arms. He had given himself a goal to achieve for his 30th birthday: to go skydiving while playing a few tunes on the violin, wearing nothing except a harness.**

**Equipped with a $50 violin, a bow and literally nothing else beyond his 'chute, Donnelly accomplished his goal in a tandem jump in NSW on August 27. He played the beloved tune 'Happy Birthday' throughout the freefall as a small gesture for himself.**

**As the parachute unfastened and he started to glide, he moved on to the opening strains of 'The Lark Ascending', by British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams. "It's this beautiful piece about a bird soaring in the air and it was just perfect," he told the BBC. "I played the opening cadenza for about a minute, where you're just slowly rising on the violin, and it was just wonderful."**

**Donnelly continued, "When that parachute opened, I could just be free to play the violin… it was a feeling of total freedom."**

**The classically trained violinist took to the sky over Coffs Harbour to raise awareness about body-image problems among the male populace. His own body-related concerns kicked off at the age of 18, when an associate musician commented about his supposedly "tubby" stomach. He will split the cash raised from his skydive between two different charity organisations and his own Nude Movement.**



# NURSES SUSPENDED FOR OGLING DECEASED GOODIES

FIVE nurses at Denver Health Medical Center were banned from working for three weeks after they inappropriately viewed a dead man's body and discussed it, a hospital spokesman revealed to Denver7 TV reporters. This ain't no peep show!

It was alleged that the staff members admired the size of the dearly departed patient's nether regions and at one point opened a body bag for special viewing purposes. A medical representative confirmed specific aspects of the 'event'.

A separate source overheard one of the accused staff make a remark that they deemed unsuitable and promptly reported it to senior members, said Denver Health Medical Center representative Josh Rasmussen.

"Multiple staff members viewed the victim while he was incapacitated, including after he was deceased," a Denver Police report revealed. Selective ethics must be a well-established workplace procedure. Rasmussen initially stated that two staff members were dealt with after the internal investigation but later corrected himself by saying five nurses were temporarily removed following the investigation's closure.

He also added that of the accused nurses, four of them eventually returned to the workforce after a brief hiatus. The fifth is no longer contracted by the medical facility but wasn't overtly fired.

Denver police ultimately decided to let the hospital deal with the whole shebang internally.

"A DPD officer did speak with one of our on-call prosecutors at the time," said Ken Lane, communications director for the Denver District Attorney's Office. "They determined there was insufficient evidence to prove a crime was committed, no charges were filed, and they referred the matter back to Denver Health to handle internally."

CREDIT:IZUSEK


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# LATEST CRAZE: SHARK-INFESTED BASEMENTS

OFFICERS from the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation took out a search warrant for a house in LaGrangeville, roughly 90 minutes' drive north of the Big Apple, after they received a tip-off that illegal wildlife was being harboured there.

When they entered the house, officers discovered seven spritely sand tiger sharks — one of the world's biggest coastal sharks — two deceased leopard sharks and a hammerhead. Let there be a moment of silence for the departed. But more importantly, did they have frickin' laser beams attached to their heads? The survivors swam in circles in the 4.5 metre above-ground pool within the basement of the house. "It's extremely unusual," said Dutchess County SPCA officer Kimberly McNamee in an insightful statement.

The officer continued by saying she had investigated 4,000 cases but had never come across one of this nature. "I've seen crocodiles, snakes, some stingrays, and I know there was another case where they had alligators," McNamee said. "No sharks."

The person responsible has not been charged for misconduct and his name and address have been kept under wraps. Only his gender has been revealed, which roughly cuts out half of the world's population in terms of suspects. We have an inkling that his first name is Doctor and his surname is Evil.

Police officials said the mystery man was probably breeding the creatures to sell to private shark connoisseurs. Sand tiger sharks are a protected species and it is prohibited to own them anywhere on the East Coast of America unless you have a special permit.

"I can't believe that this happened here. It's such a small town, and there's no sharks near here. There's no ocean near here," local woman Carmella Antonakos commented. Police used nets to capture the sharks and remove them from the basement – but the obvious choice was to use their abuser as bait. The animals were carefully transported to the Long Island Aquarium, where they are now in seclusion and being given some tender loving care. Presumably by their fellow nurse sharks.

CREDIT:NISERIN

## STUDY REVEALS THE OBVIOUS: BLOW JOBS ARE IMPORTANT

IF you're planning on having an affair and want it to be successful, you had better be committed to going downtown on your partner. A new study from Victoria Milan, a dating site that caters to people looking to do the dirty on their partners, reveals that 65 per cent of women and 68 per cent of men would call it quits if there isn't significant fellating going on in the bedroom.

Breaking down the study by country, it's the fiery Spaniards who most enjoy having breakfast in bed, with 84 per cent of women saying they enjoy blowing the love whistle and 82 per cent of men delighting in eating sushi off the barbershop floor.

French men might be considered expert lovers, but they are severely outmatched by the ladies when it comes to speaking in tongues. Women from the land of wine and amour enjoy charming the snake (82 per cent) much more than their men delight in eating the peach (an abysmal 72 per cent – get your sh*t together, French men!).

The Netherlands should not be only known for clogs and legal marijuana, as it's also the home to the most egalitarian couples. Both men and women like to dish it out and to be the dish in practically equal proportions, leaving none unsatisfied – with 80 per cent of Dutch men and 81 per cent of Dutch women enjoying the deed.

The question on everybody's lips: how did Australia, the nation that loves to win, fair in the battle of the blow? Not too well – it seems those kinky Europeans have us licked when it comes to praising our partners as we should. We might be from the land down under, but the Sheilas aren't all that keen on giving the Australian kiss, with only 72 per cent claiming they enjoy the act. Men are slightly better at yodelling in the canoe, with 76 per cent saying they take pleasure in licking their lovers.

CREDIT: JACOB WACKERHAUSEN



# THE FABLED FEMALE ORGASM

A WEBSITE purely dedicated to the art of women getting their jollies off has been launched. OMGYes.com is here to revolutionise the online expression of the female orgasm. Its unveiling has seen extensive backing from online hubs and it has even been endorsed by Emma Watson. How could you disagree with the world's number one sweetheart? Let us delve into why this website feels so darn revolutionary.

More often than not, a vast majority of straight sex scenes portrayed in the media conclude with male ejaculation, and this implies that is the ultimate end-game and achievement for all parties involved. OMGYes wholeheartedly disagrees with that notion.

This widespread view has been passed down from the concept of sexual intercourse being a function purely for reproductive purposes. In the animal kingdom, female enjoyment is mostly incidental in the course of an ovum being fertilised by sperm. So in a way, female sexual pleasure has taken the backseat all this time, and the lack of priority has been internalised for generations.

So what exactly has OMGYes done in an attempt to rewind the damage? The website features both visual media and articles that explore 12 diverse methods for the most effective climax. The videos are direct ponderings of ladies explaining what feels optimal for them and why, and even features demonstrations. It wouldn't be surprising if a vast majority of their subscribers were men, and in fact this should be encouraged.

The evidence comes from research conducted with a sample size of more than 2,000 women aged between 18 and 95, reminding us of the crucial part the clitoris plays in their sexual stimulation. It's pretty fucking rad – and to some sheltered beings, rather strange.





## GET THE PICTURE

MICHAEL (Mike) Coleridge will always be remembered for the photograph he took on 26 August 1967 of a group of soldiers of 5 Platoon, B Company, 7RAR, waiting for an Iroquois helicopter to land and take them back to Nui Dat at the end of Operation Ulmarra. This photograph has become an Australian icon of the Vietnam War.



HOT SHOT

# ALYCIA HEART

*@kissalyciaheart*

23-year-old Alycia Heart stole our collective hearts the moment we laid eyes on her. This babe is made up of equal parts Australian and Egyptian, which could explain why we feel as though the River Nile is flooding every time we lay eyes on her. She describes herself as seductive, naughty and funny; our favourite type of girl.

***Photographer: Nick K***

# THE EVOLUTION OF GAMING CONSOLES




## 1975
**PONG**
PRICE: $79
NUMBER SOLD: 1.5K

## 1977
**ATARI 2600**
PRICE: $199
NUMBER SOLD: 30M

## 1980
**INTELLIVISION**
PRICE: $299
NUMBER SOLD: 3M

## 1985
**NINTENDO (NES)**
PRICE: $299
NUMBER SOLD: 61.9M

## 1989
**SEGA GENESIS**
PRICE: $189
NUMBER SOLD: 48.9M

## 1991
**SUPER NINTENDO**
PRICE: $199
NUMBER SOLD: 49.1M

## 1994
**PLAYSTATION**
PRICE: $299
NUMBER SOLD: 102.5M

## 2001
**XBOX**
PRICE: $299
NUMBER SOLD: 24M

## 2006
**PS3**
PRICE: $299
NUMBER SOLD: 77M

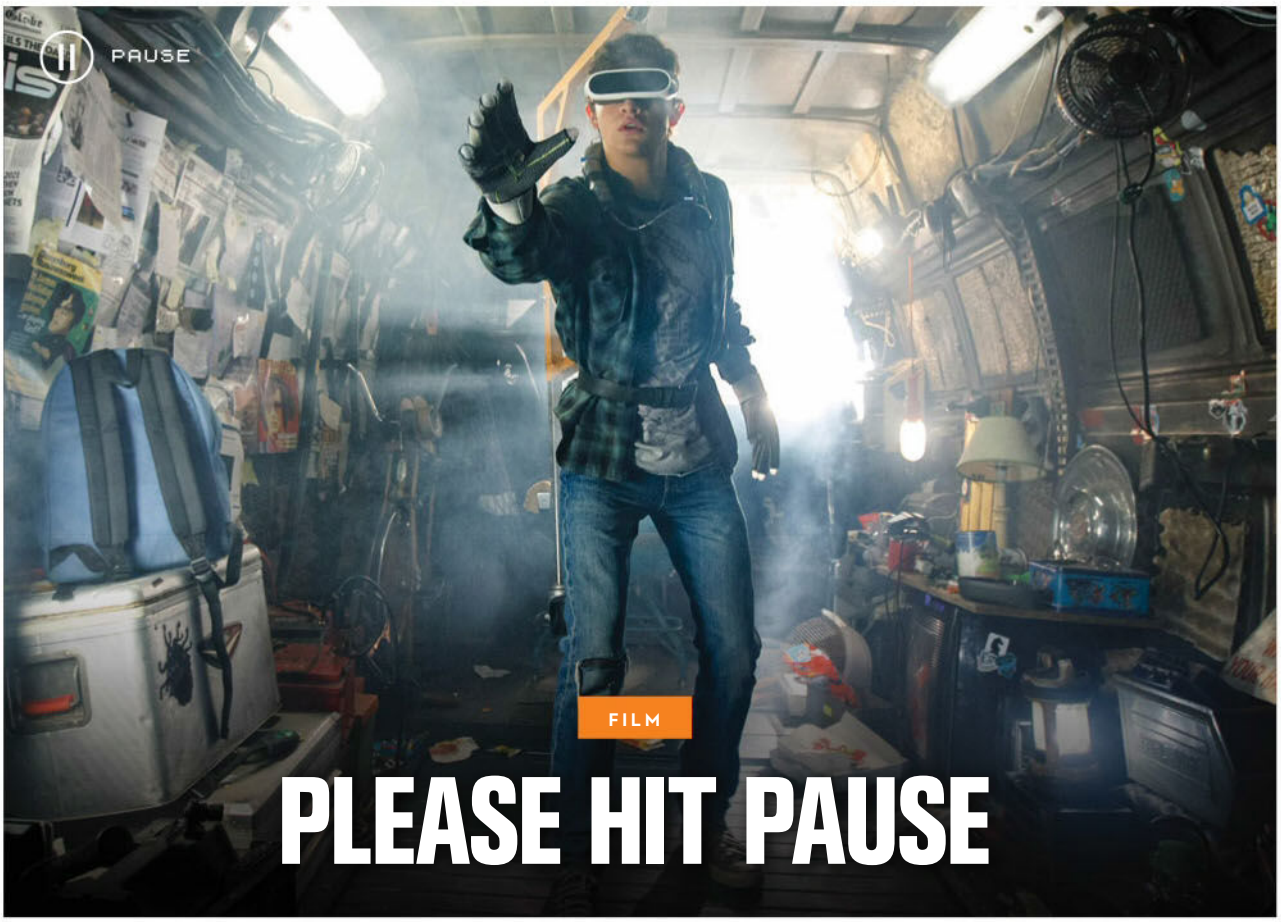
## 2010
**XBOX 360**
PRICE: $299
NUMBER SOLD: 24M

AUSSIE ICONS

FOR this month's Man of The Moment, we simply couldn't choose one – so instead we opted to fit as many Aussie icons on one spread as possible. Looks pretty bloody good, doesn't it? How many faces can you pick?








FILM

# PLEASE HIT PAUSE

SUMMER is over for Hollywood's big box-office films – figuratively and literally. Ticket sales for the season dropped 14 per cent from the same period last year and industry profits hit their lowest since 2001. It was a rough season. As one financial analyst stated bluntly, "I wouldn't want to be a movie theatre owner right now." The film industry's problems are multiple: user-based review websites like Rotten Tomatoes and IMDb are able to kill a lacklustre movie before opening weekend is over; streaming services such as Netflix and Stan allow people to watch quality films and series from home; and the clincher: people are tired of shitty old sequels, prequels, spin-offs and reboots. Put simply, the past few months at the cinema have been marred by too many crap movies.

*King Arthur: Legend of the Sword*, *The Mummy* and *Baywatch* were some of the grandest financial failures, along with the sequels to *Alien*, *Transformers* and *Pirates of the Caribbean*. At this point, the question isn't why people neglected to see these films – it's why they would ever have bothered to take an interest in the first place. What could possibly be enticing about another reboot of *The Mummy* or *King Arthur*? Slight improvements on special effects are no longer enough. And who the fuck thought it was a good idea to take a tragically retro '90s TV show, replace David Hasselhoff with 'The Rock', sprinkle some lame jokes on top and expect people to get excited about it? The common problem with these reboots was that they were completely devoid of anything new. No wonder people stopped watching.

Audiences aren't necessarily averse to retro or nostalgic content (*Wonder Woman* was actually one of the few movies that performed well at the box office this season) but the way these films were rehashed, repeated and rebooted failed to engage people. They needed to be cleverer and better packaged. Take the trailer for Steven Spielberg's newest picture, *Ready Player One* (due for release in March 2018), for example. Based on a novel by Ernest Cline, it's a sci-fi film set in 2045 about a gamer who uses a virtual reality system to escape the poverty and drudgery of his everyday existence. He spends his time exploring the OASIS, a VR experience where "the limits of reality are your own imagination". The film looks more compelling than anything else in recent memory, not just because the concept is relevant (our lives are increasingly understood through digital media rather than the physical present) but because it blends nostalgia with a fresh take on the future.

Its nostalgia comes in the form of subtle yet poignant references to dozens of classic 1980s films from its genre. The trailer reveals a car crash with the DeLorean from *Back to the Future*, a zero-gravity dance floor in which Gandalf from *The Lord of the Rings* is busting a move, and a battlefield brawl involving Duke Nukem and Freddy Kruger. Spielberg knows the power of retro, picking and choosing the little bits of nostalgia the viewers will want to see, but ultimately the story is a new one. It's a dystopian vision of a world ravaged by climate change, swollen with over-population and primarily experienced through VR. Great films require strong characters, plots and perspectives, but most importantly they have to bring something new to the table.

*Ready Player One* could yet be a flop, but it looks way more interesting than another remake of *The Mummy* could ever be.

PHOTO: JAAP BUTTENDIJK




MUSIC

# MAKING A STATEMENT

A BAND T-shirt is one of the first things you can choose to mark out an identity. They say: "I'm 13 and into Nirvana, angry-sounding music created by an artist who died young that my parents consider a bad influence. Perfect. Now I fit in with millions of kids who have yellow smiley-face Nirvana shirts."

Many of us have since grown into conventional lives a thousand light years from the rebellion and freedom of youth, wearing business shirts under fluorescent lights while we sit through a blur of meetings, but still the Beatles and Beach Boys come out on weekends. "The system doesn't own my mind. This is who I really am, man. I still like music." Sure you do.

This is how we send signals like, '*I'm into Led Zeppelin II.*' Remember *real* music? There's nothing like an original shirt that tells us you were at that '85 Springsteen tour. Old, torn and faded. A washed-out relic immortalising the girl you were with when you bought it, a memento of the many parties and festivals you've worn it to since.

Those beat-up old shirts are potentially worth serious money to people who value vintage items. The online market is unsurprisingly crazy. Fancy a "Kurt Cobain Memorial Portrait Vintage Thrashed T-shirt" from 1995 for $1000? You can find originals from the Clash, Sonic Youth and every 1980s metal band with bids opening at $500.

Then there are people who just want to wear the retro cultural signifiers, without hearing any music. My friend once had a customer come into his record store asking if he had "any of those black Ram Ones T-shirts". They meant the Ramones. To be fair, it's a cool logo that was in fashion. Ramones shirt, ripped jeans, sunglasses and sneakers. Easy and timeless.

But did you know there's somewhere else you can buy Ram Ones T-shirts? The very place where the spirit of once-great bands goes to

## THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO JUST WANT TO WEAR THE RETRO CULTURAL SIGNIFIERS, WITHOUT HEARING ANY MUSIC

die. You'll find them in department stores, priced from $5 to $15. Nirvana and the Rolling Stones, AC/DC, the Beatles and the Ramones piled in together with Nickelback shirts. They're all bands, right?

The price of these mass-produced shirts confirms the distressing living conditions for the workers who made them. But here they are in great heaps, always with more XXXLs than any other size, like assorted snapshots of mass pop culture. *Star Wars*, *Back to the Future*, *Ghostbusters*, *The Avengers*, Harley-Davidson, *Superman*, Coca-Cola and *The Simpsons*.

You won't find any names in these piles that don't have genuine world-conquering status. You need total saturation before your logo is ready to stand by itself. Absolutely removed from the music and reality of what made the band great in its time, and ready to be stamped out by a factory production line and sold to middle-aged dudes.

Nothing signifies that you're getting older than your dad getting into the 'retro revival' of bands you were into in high school. I bought a Ramones shirt for $5.

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GAMING

# SKATEBOARDING'S CLASSIC: TONY HAWK'S PRO SKATER

WHEN you merge the vandalism of *Grand Theft Auto*, the pure rage of *Resident Evil* and a combo system similar to *Street Fighter*, then combine it with the graceful mastery of skateboarding, you get a game like *Tony Hawk's Pro Skater*. Since its first release on PlayStation in 1999, the video game has been reworked into 13 editions across 20 different platforms, from Gameboy to Windows to iOS.

The *THPS* series has established itself as a vintage classic. Upon its release, it attracted everyone from dedicated gamers to social players who hadn't touched a console since *Mario Kart*. It was a game that brought people together for two-minute, head-to-head romps that combined hair-raising flip tricks, vertigo-inducing acrobatics, fantastically long grinds and brutal slams. The gameplay came in short bursts that constantly triggered a 'one-more-go' mantra.

*THPS* has never been about realism. Even the first version of the game had skaters smashing through glass windows in the air, only to land back on the board and roll away. From there, things only got more physically and anatomically impossible. Manuals were introduced in the second version, which allowed players to link flips and grinds together in impossible combos, then reverts came in the third edition, which meant big airs could be linked into the mix. Unlike *Skate*, which was released in 2007 and presented a strictly realistic depiction of skateboarding, *THPS* was revered for the ludicrous and complicated tricks that the game invented. Its drawcard was that it went far beyond what's actually possible on a skateboard – and players, both skaters and non-skaters, loved it.

The soundtrack has become almost as iconic as the game itself: a heavy, hyperactive mix of punk rock, metal and golden-era hip-hop. In some circles bands like Rage Against the Machine, Dead Kennedys and Millencolin have become synonymous with days playing *THPS*. The game tapped into a youthful angst that adolescents could identify with. On YouTube, the game's soundtrack has hundreds of thousands of views and the comments are peppered with wistful nostalgia. It's probably not surprising that the *THPS* series has sold 30 million units and made over a billion dollars in sales.

Unfortunately, the most recent incarnation of the series has been described by game reviewers as "heartbreakingly bad" and "one of the worst games ever made". *THPS 5* was rushed out in 2015, just before Activision's contract with Tony Hawk expired. The result is a mess of bugs, glitches and loading screens, with characters falling through a digital nowhere on screen, then magically reappearing. It quickly became obvious to players that this was a shonky and shameless attempt to cash in on the game franchise's former glory. Activision's licence to use Tony Hawk's name for the game hasn't been renewed, which is probably a good thing at this point. Some games just shouldn't be tampered with.

## ALL-TIME BEST 2D GAMES

### SPACE INVADERS
**ARCADE, 1978**

*Space Invaders* was one of the original first-person shooter games, harnessing the classic sci-fi trope of aliens invading earth. Initially, the targets were human soldiers, but the designer adopted the alien theme because he didn't want to promote the idea that killing people was ok.

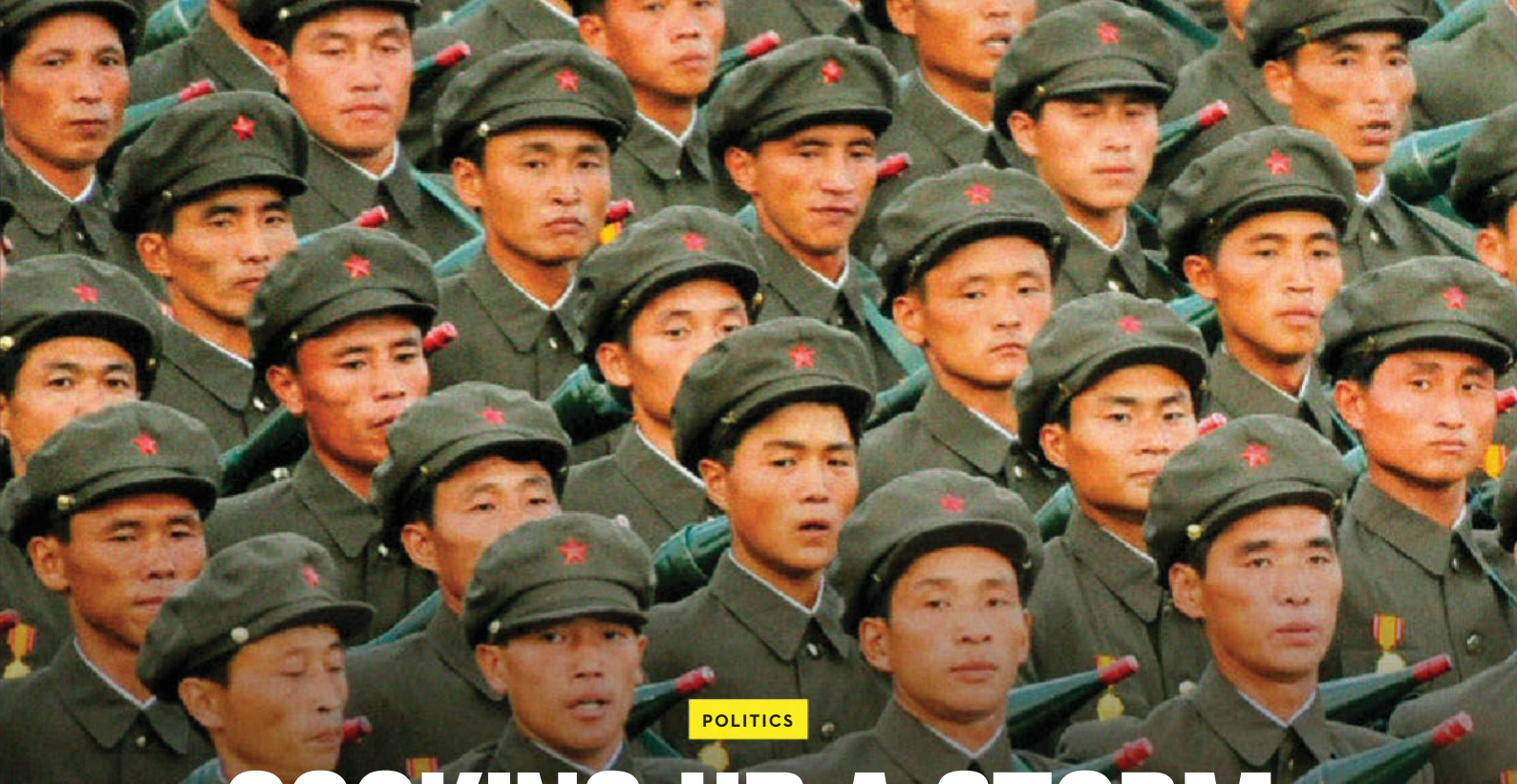
### TETRIS
**ARCADE, 1984**

"I started playing and I couldn't stop," said Alexey Pajitnov, the Russian dude who designed *Tetris*. He was clearly onto something because now the game has sold more copies than any other in history. Unfortunately for Pajitnov, though, royalties didn't come through until 1996.

### SUPER MARIO KART
**SUPER NINTENDO, 1993**

*Super Mario Kart* revolutionised gaming by popularising the vertical split screen, allowing two players to compete against each other in real time. And from Mushroom Kingdom to Rainbow Road, it's a tad on the psychedelic side.





POLITICS

# COOKING UP A STORM

**DESPITE ECONOMIC SANCTIONS, THE PARIAH NATION IS BENDING THE RULES AND BOOSTING THE COFFERS OF ITS CORRUPT ELITE. THIS EXPLAINS A LOT: EVERYONE IN THE COUNTRY IS DOING MORE METH THAN PERTH LOCALS ON PAYDAY.**

## NORTH KOREA'S SECRET BITCOIN STASH

PYONGYANG'S elite has long been known to live lavishly, while North Korea's government continues to be a pain in everybody's collective arse. Like the naughty kid who refuses to eat dinner and therefore won't get dessert, North Korea has received heavy economic restrictions – unless it eats dinner first. But like the obstinate fat kid who won't give up on that slice of chocolate cake, or in the case of North Korea, missile tests, the pariah nation has found a way to bend the rules and feed its elite, hacking its way to a wealthy serving of other people's money.

A recent report from security research firm FireEye suggests that North Korean actors hacked a South Korean cryptocurrency exchange – a digital marketplace where traders can buy and sell bitcoins using different fiat currencies – to steal cryptocurrency, a digital or virtual currency that uses complex encryption for security.

Unlike hard cash, cryptocurrency is not issued by any central government, thus rendering North Koreans impervious to international economic restrictions if they are able to acquire it. The anonymous nature of cryptocurrency transactions makes it well suited for these types of nefarious activities, and North Korea has long been known to possess cyber-espionage capabilities.

While North Korea hasn't been caught red-handed, FireEye strongly suspects the hacks to be coming from the hermit kingdom. The hacking methods used are linked to North Korean actors [operatives? agents] suspected to be responsible for intrusions into global banks in 2016.

"In 2016 we began observing actors we believe to be North Korean utilising their intrusion capabilities to conduct cyber-crime, targeting banks and the global financial system… since May 2017, we have observed North Korean actors target at least three South Korean cryptocurrency exchanges with the suspected intent of stealing funds," wrote Luke McNamara, a senior cyber threat intelligence analyst at FireEye.

It's unsurprising that someone is trying to steal cryptocurrency, especially given its rise in popularity in recent months. North Korea has previously been involved in a number of money-laundering schemes, including gold smuggling, counterfeiting foreign currency and even operating state-run restaurants in other countries, and this is likely another cash grab.

While there are legitimate ways to acquire cryptocurrency North Korea doesn't seem interested and would rather steal it. It's unsurprising that a regime which in many ways acts like a criminal enterprise is now willing to engage in financial crime.

"We definitely see sanctions being a big lever driving this sort of activity," said FireEye's McNamara in a report on Bloomberg. "They probably see it as a very low-cost solution to bring in hard cash."

By compromising an exchange, as McNamara has suggested, as opposed to individual accounts, they can potentially "move cryptocurrencies out of online wallets, swapping them for other, more anonymous cryptocurrencies… to withdraw them in fiat currencies such as the South Korean won, US dollars, or Chinese renminbi."

Aside from narcotics and counterfeit currency, knock-off pharmaceuticals and cigarettes contribute to the illicit income of North Korea, and might be adding as much as $1 billion to the coffers of Pyongyang's elite every year.

PHOTO: SELIVANOFF1988



## NORTH KOREA NEEDS REHAB

DONALD Trump recently announced at the United Nations General Assembly that America may need to "totally destroy" North Korea if the rogue state continues to be a threat to world peace.

Not to make the 'Norks' out to be a bunch of peace-loving pacifists, but our great ally from the other side of the Pacific is throwing nukes in glass bunkers. If you were to hit up your average bloke on the street in Sydney, he'd probably agree that the Yanks are an overly earnest, at times daft lot – but ultimately mostly harmless. However, he's never had his house scheduled for impromptu demolition by remote drone strike. Ask a similar bloke from Yemen, Syria, Jordan, Afghanistan, Iraq or one of the 138 countries that have active American Special Operations Forces, and you might get a different answer.

But I digress. While it's clear that US aggression and military ambition is a source of pride, power and global hegemony for the Americans, it's harder to understand the mindset of the North Korean administration. One wonders what Kim Jong-un could be thinking when he prods the world with his nuclear footballs. Is it just a simple case of small-man syndrome? Or is it out of fear that he'll lose his grip on the country his family has terrorised for three generations? It's difficult to say – until you realise, that he, along with the rest of the North Korean population, is balls deep in a perpetual meth bender.

Yes, Kim Jong-un is the chubby Asian equivalent of Ben Cousins, armed with nuclear warheads.

According to Stephen Nagy of the International Christian University in Tokyo, about 30 per cent of the North Korean population is using some kind of drug, with methamphetamine, or ice, being the most popular choice. It's long been known that the Hermit Kingdom has been 'breaking bad' in the drug game – manufacturing and exporting large quantities of extremely high-quality methamphetamine to places like China and the United States to raise funds for the ailing administration during periods of intense economic sanctions. But a decline in seizures across the North-eastern Chinese border and reports from the US State Department that "there have been no confirmed reports of large-scale drug trafficking involving DPRK state entities since 2004" seem to indicate that large-scale manufacturing of the drug for export has practically ceased. Which doesn't mean the locals aren't still grinding their jaws to get their hands on the highly addictive chemical substance. Despite state-sanctioned meth production apparently ending, copycat operations run by local chemists have been popping up to provide for a heavily addicted local market.

According to defectors, up to 80 per cent of people in certain towns use locally produced methamphetamine. The drug is used to "deal with the exhausting labour conditions, for 'recreation' and escapism", according to Nagy, and it's "easier to come by than rice" one refugee told the Database Center for North Korean Human Rights.

While the starving, flyblown working class of North Korea are most likely using ice to maintain their energy levels and ward off hunger, reports suggest that the upper echelons of the Pyongyang elite also indulge recreationally and for dieting purposes. Just like the heroin-chic fashion models of the early '90s – with more psychotic episodes.

The long-term negative effects of ice abuse, according to an online government drug resource include, "anxiety, confusion, insomnia, mood disturbances and violent behaviour… paranoia… and delusions". The sorts of traits that certainly don't bode well for an already hyper-insular, totalitarian state with no ties to the outside world and little to nothing in the area of drug rehabilitation.

It also goes a long way in explaining Kim Jong-un's erratic and irresponsible behaviour of late. Historical records show that towards the end of WWII, Hitler was heavily addicted to multiple substances, meth among them. Maybe it's the same situation in Pyongyang right now: Kim Jong-un isn't crazy or stupid – he's just really fucking high.

12/17

# STUDIO SERIES MATT SOLOMON

THERE'S nothing like the feeling of holding a record of your favourite artist, opening it for the first time, placing it on the turntable and dropping the needle. Matt Solomon has managed to capture that nostaligic vibe, in this shoot with the beautiful Gabi Catipovski. Take a step back into the good old days.

MODEL: GABI CATIPOVSKI






**NUDITY IS DEFINITELY NOT SOMETHING THAT PHASES ME. I THINK IT'S NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL, AND REALLY THE MAIN REASON PEOPLE GET NERVOUS ABOUT IT IS DUE TO SOCIETY'S SUPERFICIAL PRESSURES AND BODY SHAMING.**


POLAROID

# Crystal Head

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# SO MILO

**HE'S BEEN DUBBED THE "WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS MAN". HIS PRESENCE HAS SPARKED RIOTS AND PROTESTS AT UC BERKLEY IN AMERICA. WE TALK WITH MILO YIANNOPOULOS TO FIND OUT WHY HE'S SO DAMNED CONTROVERSIAL.**

MILO Yiannopoulos calls himself an "internet supervillain". Others in the media tend to agree, but would no doubt add a few more names to the list. Racist, bigot, sexist, paedophile sympathiser – even Milo himself admits journalists and commentators, particularly from the Left, have thrown every name under the sun at him. Still, he keeps coming back. It's as if he gains more power every time he pisses someone off.

And now, he's coming to Australia. What's more, we at *Penthouse* are sponsoring the visit.

Why? That's a question we've had a lot of people ask us over the past few weeks. The answer is simple: besides sharing Yiannopoulos's penchant for mischief, we strongly believe in the right to free speech. *Penthouse* was founded during the sexual revolution in the 1960s, and since then we have consistently pushed for greater freedoms sexually, politically and socially, with the right to free speech being the most important freedom of all.

Milo is an interesting character, not just for the controversial things he says, but also for who he is. He's often been called a white supremacist, but he has Jewish heritage; he's a conservative, but he's also flamboyantly gay; he's married to a black guy, but he's been labelled a racist. We have the unique opportunity to bring this provocative speaker to Australia to launch our speaking tour, Penthouse Forum, which will see controversial speakers from all sides of the political spectrum have a chance to air their views.

Milo is first cab off the rank and, true to form, he's already pissing people off. Google his interview on *Sunrise* for the best example. >

We caught up with the British-born provocateur to ask him about some of his most controversial views. For starters, he denies he's being controversial, but rather says that he seeks to "reveal hypocrisy through ridicule."

Read on and make up your own mind...

**You've said multiple times that you're not associated with the alt-right. Where do you place yourself politically?**
I'm probably a sort of populist nationalist conservative, which means that I believe the nation-state is the best organising structure for a society. I think it works best for capitalism, for individual flourishing and for individual happiness. Donald Trump was right about that and it's something that a lot of leaders in Europe, in particular, seem to have forgotten.

**What is your association with the alt-right, then? You've said before you are heading on the same path or in the same direction. Is that still true?**
What I said, precisely, was that I was a solo traveller on some issues, and really that was restricted to political correctness and feminism. I don't agree with them on any of the race stuff. I'm a Western supremacist: democracy, property, liberty, capitalism – they're the founding principles behind the best kinds of civilisations and the countries you'd want to grow up in. But my association, my fondness if you like, for the alt-right stops where their racial garbage begins, and my crime in the eyes of liberal journalists is simply to have given them a fair hearing in 2016 and to have written the only comprehensive guide to the alt-right that I felt summarised all the different contours of the movement. Now the term 'alt-right' has come to mean something different, it's been rebranded, and its meaning has been restricted. It's now a synonym for 'neo-Nazi', and as somebody with a black husband, obviously that's not something I support.

**You say you're a Western supremacist and some of the racial attitudes of the alt-right make you uncomfortable. I'm interested in what it means to be a Western supremacist...?**
I think you can go further than just discomfort, you can say that I'm repelled and disgusted by them. Every time I wake up and roll over and look at my husband, I'm reminded why that's a horrible way to look at the world. 'Western supremacist' I like because I like to try to trick liberal journalists into thinking I said 'white supremacist'.

## 'WESTERN SUPREMACIST' I LIKE BECAUSE I LIKE TO TRY TO TRICK LIBERAL JOURNALISTS INTO THINKING I SAID 'WHITE SUPREMACIST'

I'm a Western supremacist because I think that capitalism, property rights, freedom of speech and free expression – these are the things that make societies nice places to live. The founding principles of America are the stuff that makes America the greatest country in the history of human civilisation. I'm sure Australia is a close second. These are things I believe in.

**You say you find the racial ideas of the alt-right repulsive, but aren't there racialised ideas in being a Western supremacist?**
I don't think it's racialised, I think it's about values and ideas. I'm very comfortable as a gay man – somebody who went down to Orlando just after that shooting happened – with Donald Trump's terrorism ban. I'm very happy with the hold on Muslim immigration, but it's not because these people have brown skin, it's because they have disgusting ideas in their head and unlike most people on the political Left and Right, I don't make as many excuses for Islam, I don't mollycoddle it, I don't pander to it, I don't gingerly step around the subject. Islam as a religion, it is a system of ideas – and I believe like any other system of ideas that it deserves to be scrutinised. I scrutinised it and I found it severely lacking, particularly for women and gays.

**Why do you think it's so unpopular, or that it makes people so uncomfortable, to criticise Islam?**
Because people want to be nice. People want to be kind – and the fact is that a lot of Muslims who live in your street are nice people: they're perfectly nice, fine, assimilated people. Why? Because they're the rich ones who could get out of their country. But now when you're seeing when rank and file Syrians pour into Germany, you're starting to see the true face of Islamic society which is mass rape, mass murder, mass violent crime, civil disobedience and an alien culture that does not respect the same things we respect. Just because you live along the road from a doctor with a Muslim name and he's a perfectly nice guy doesn't prove anything. What proves something is how these cultures behave when they are imported en masse into the West, and we know how they behave because we've seen it. We've seen the attack in Nice, we've seen Cologne on New Year's Eve in Germany, we've seen Pulse nightclub in the US. When you get a critical mass of these things – you get these patriarchal rape gangs, you get oppression of women and the murder of homosexuals.

**We have anti-hate speech laws in Australia that make it unlawful to "offend, insult, humiliate or intimidate" a person of a certain race, colour or national or ethnic origin. You've spoken out against such laws in the past. Why is that?**
There should be no laws dependent on people's feelings because they're so open to abuse, and the Left has demonstrated this over and over again. I don't want laws in the book that are concerned with offence taking. I don't want laws in the book that are concerned with hurt feelings. I don't want laws on the books for anything other than direct incitement to violence and crime and direct violence and crime. Other than that you should be able to say, do and be whatever you want. The Supreme Court in America gets this exactly right. There's a very, very broad defence for what some people on the Left call 'hate speech'. There is no such thing as 'hate speech'. There's no legal definition for 'hate speech'. 'Hate speech' is just something the Left doesn't like the




sound of because they don't like the facts, so they say "Oh you're hateful and I'm going to stop listening to you." I think that people should be able to say anything. Unless they are saying "Go pick up a knife and stab that man in the audience" – that's a direct incitement to violence. People shouldn't be able to do that in public life; people shouldn't be able to do that in public environments – totally agree. Other than that I think people should be given a wide berth. So these laws that are based on offence taking and hurt feelings, laws that require a conviction to be obtained, that we simply believe in the context of someone's head, with no verification and no way to verify it, are ludicrous. And they've been open to such abuse. And not just abuse – because people will ramp up their feelings – but outright hoaxes.

Look at the hate crime hoaxes perpetrated. I did a study on this last year for evidence for my tour. Weirdly, just to give a little sense of what social justice warriors on the Left, on college campuses – and particularly lesbian activists for some reason – are very fond of doing these hate crime hoaxes where they cut themselves or they paint swastikas onto themselves or they scrawl racially charged language on garages and on buildings. If you follow any of these stories, they all seem to end up being proven as hoaxes. They get reported far and wide at first and if it turns out that they're hoaxes, journalists just drop the subject. This stuff is based on people's internal hurt feelings and I think it's ridiculous!

**You've said things as outrageous as "feminism is cancer". But feminists point to the dominance of men in the workplace and in the political and academic worlds. Doesn't feminism serve a purpose in correcting these imbalances?**

Your question comes in two parts and the answer to the first is really simple. I actually don't say anything outrageous about feminism. Regarding the stuff that I've said about feminism, people agree with me. Four-fifths of American women agree with me [According to Washington Post-Kaiser Family

## I THINK THAT PEOPLE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SAY ANYTHING. UNLESS THEY ARE SAYING "GO PICK UP A KNIFE AND STAB THAT MAN IN THE AUDIENCE"

Foundation Poll, only 17 per cent of women in the US identify as a 'strong feminist', although 43 per cent more identify as being 'feminist' – Ed]. They don't describe themselves as feminists because they see what I see about feminism, which is that it describes itself one way and it acts in another. It says it's for the equality of women, but actually the way it behaves portrays it as primarily about man-hating. As for the under-representation of women in positions of influence and authority, this can be almost entirely explained by, not sexism or structural injustices, but by women's different life choices. Women seem to eke out fulfilment, joy and happiness in life in things other than working in the office for 90 hours a week and making partner in a law firm. On the whole – and this is painted with a broad brush, but we're talking in generalised terms – women seem more enthusiastic about well-rounded lives that include hobbies and home life and all the rest of it than men. We know this from our life experience. We know men can be bloody-minded, monomaniacs much more often than women. We all know that from our family life, and it holds true across Western society.

**What about the role of feminism in encouraging women to broaden their horizons?**

I'm all for initiatives that tell young girls they can be programmers if they want to; that they can be astronauts or astrophysicists or whatever if they want to. But if you think there's some kind of patriarchal conspiracy to keep women out of physics and maths you'd have to explain why there isn't one in biology or veterinary medicine. It is just as difficult to qualify as a vet as it is to qualify as a doctor, yet women dominate in veterinary medicine – in some courses by double digit percentages. Why is it that there's a conspiracy to keep women out of being doctors but there isn't one to keep women out of being vets? This just doesn't stand up to the slightest scrutiny whatsoever. There is a role, maybe, for some small university initiative to encourage women in courses that women don't typically study, but not in affirmative action; not in special treatment; not in the lowering of grade requirements to get them into the courses. For the most part most of the things feminists complain about, whether it is unequal pay, which basically doesn't exist anymore, or any of the other imagined grievances, most of the stuff that feminism argues about these days happened six decades ago – the vast majority of it. There is, in general terms, outside of academia, no place for feminism left in society.

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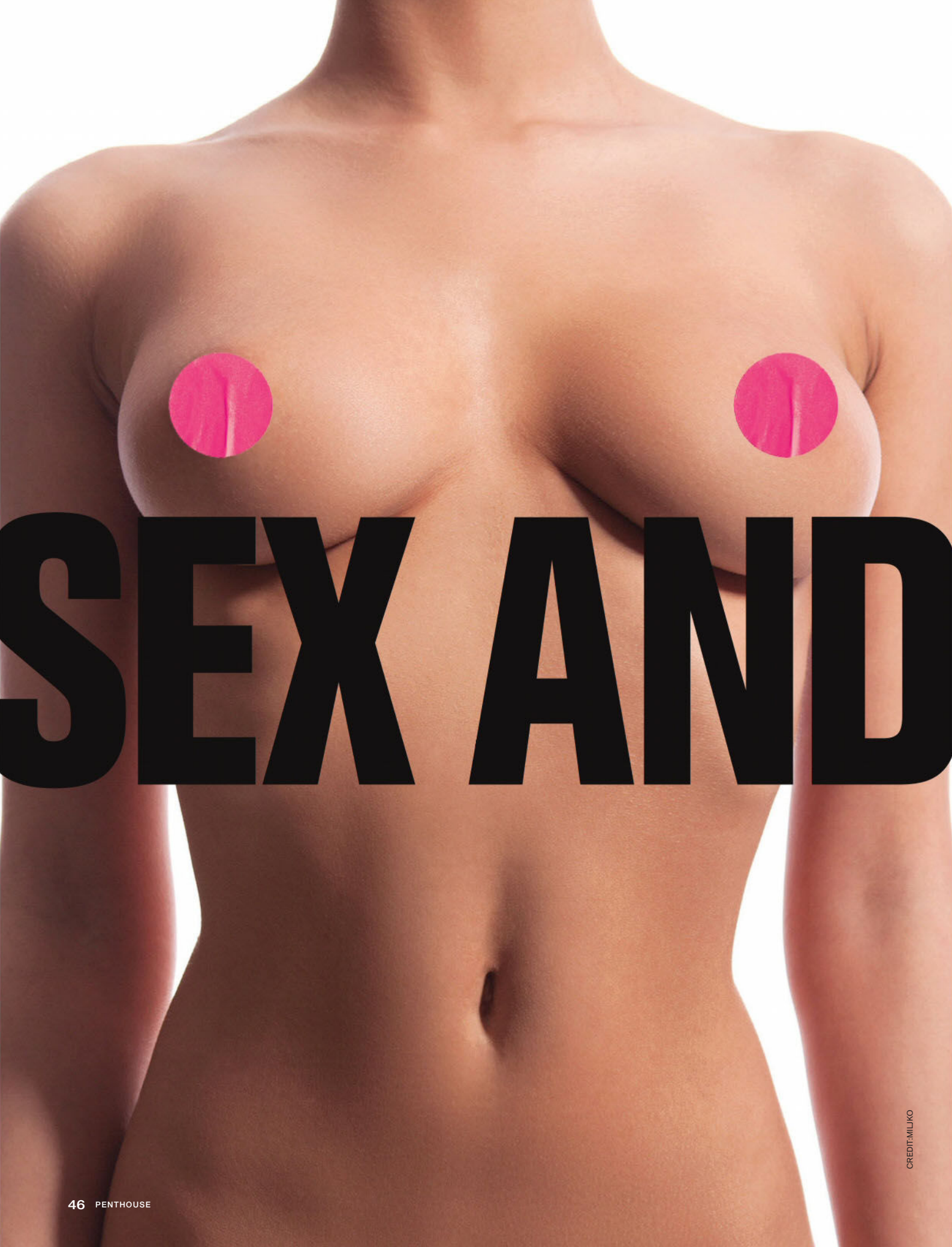
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THE REPORT

DESPITE CHANGES IN WHAT'S BANNED AND WHAT'S NOT, CENSORSHIP IS ALIVE AND WELL IN THE 21ST CENTURY.
**BY ELLE HARDY**

# POWER

EVER since we could have sex, humans have loved the expression of filth as much as filth itself. Tracing the outlines of our lovers on cave walls, using chiselled stone tools to carve fantasies into anything harder than air, transferring to the printed word, the photograph and film almost as soon as the technology came into being. And for all the times we've expressed our natural impulses there has been someone telling us not to; sex and power have forever been inseparable. >

CREDIT: CHAMPIA

MUCH of the blame for the stigma around smut today can traced to 18th-century Europeans, who reinvigorated censorship in an era when what was said in public was in stark contrast to what was done in private. This modernised prudishness coincided with the industrial revolution, becoming a warning that there is always someone watching, controlling our leisure, and enforcing an appreciation of power among the masses.

Australians have it bored into our heads from childhood that we are anti-authoritarian, a scrappy nation of prisoners who took on the colonial masters, knockabouts and underdogs who loathe cops and wowsers. Hell, the Federal Government even has a site describing the Australian "anti-authoritarian" sense of humour.

"In the second half of the 19th century, as the national image began to take shape, Australia was presented by Australians in verse and picture as a young virginal girl, absolutely pure," historian John Hirst writes. "The purity came from being free of old-world ills of caste, inequality and class prejudice; Australians were one people on a single continent living in harmony, with no civil strife, with opportunity for all, isolated from the rest of the world by the encircling sea, a nation made with no blood spilt (the battles with the Aborigines being entirely overlooked)."

Federation only cemented our place as one of the western world's great censors, obsessed with obscenity. Last century some 16,000 publications were banned, including some of the best literature of the age: *The Catcher in the Rye*, *Lolita*, *Naked Lunch* and James Baldwin's *Another Country*, which explored interracial relationships in America. Customs got off on rummaging through people's suitcases for banned books, and in 1964 Gough Whitlam, then deputy leader of the Labor Party, had his copy of *Another Country* seized.

But a considerable tide was turning, and only a year later this false facade of decorum cracked – long after it had in America and Europe – allowing erotic novels *Sons and Lovers* and *Lolita* into the country. Over in the old motherland, something far bigger was afoot as Bob Guccione radicalised popular smut with the launch of *Penthouse* magazine in London.

According to Guccione, "We followed the philosophy of voyeurism." Here, the luscious met the lascivious in the first modern printed magazine to clearly display all of a woman, thereby changing the entire emphasis of the genre: the model was now looking at her admirers, engaging in a relationship with them, no longer the faraway siren. Porn was coming out of the shadows and receiving a public airing – as America's Justice Potter Stewart had infamously declared of hardcore pornography, "I know it when I see it."

Photography, Susan Sontag argues, has democratised experiences and lingers to eternity. It has altered and expanded what we feel we have the right to observe and allows us to feel as though we have gained knowledge and power – even if only symbolically. *Penthouse* and its compatriots were roaringly popular, and women's magazines started featuring centrefolds too, although more in the spirit of cheek. With her signature perspicacity, Joan Didion saw the women's movement breaking against the age of liberation, writing, "Of course something other than an objection to being 'discriminated against' was at work here, something other than an aversion to being 'stereotyped' in one's sex role. Increasingly it seemed that the aversion was to adult sexual life itself: how much cleaner to stay forever children."

The radical wing of women's lib fermented in academia, led by anti-pornography viragos Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon. It was once joked of Dworkin that she "may be the only person alive who believes that the letters in *Penthouse* Forum are real", but her aim was to alter politics through popular culture, targeting magazines and films, even leading protests against the advertising campaign for the Rolling Stones album *Black and Blue*. They faced opposition from the emergent 'pro-sex feminists', who labelled them authoritarian puritans, but for a time they were, as censors tend to be, the loudest voices in the room. (In a wonderful twist, Dworkin had some of her work confiscated by Canadian customs authorities for obscenity.)

**HERE, THE LUSCIOUS MET THE LASCIVIOUS IN THE FIRST MODERN PRINTED MAGAZINE TO CLEARLY DISPLAY ALL OF A WOMAN, THEREBY CHANGING THE ENTIRE EMPHASIS OF THE GENRE: THE MODEL WAS NOW LOOKING AT HER ADMIRERS, ENGAGING IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH THEM, NO LONGER THE FARAWAY SIREN. PORN WAS COMING OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND RECEIVING A PUBLIC AIRING**

Australia, meanwhile, was finally growing up in the 1970s, liberating our culture under Gough Whitlam. The government shifted its moral purview from censorship to classification, abandoning the legal test established in 1868 of the "tendency to deprave and corrupt" to one of "community standards", whereby courts asked whether something would cause offence to the "modesty of the average man".

Soon after, in the United States, the Reagan administration desperately tried to reclaim the country from the counter-culture that culminated in the 1973 Supreme Court decision in *Roe v Wade* to legalise abortion. In 1984, President Reagan appointed his slack-jowled Attorney General Edwin Meese to study the effect of pornography on society, applying the pseudoscience of Jerry Falwell and other charlatan evangelists that the administration was indebted to for election support. Meese's commission sent a letter to 7-Eleven and similar retailers, who accounted for 95 per cent of racy magazine sales, a threat sufficient to prompt the magazines to be withdrawn from sale. The affair came to a close several years


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later, when Meese agreed in a private court session that "he has read both [*Playboy* and *Penthouse*] magazines and does not consider them to be obscene".

The Howard government, which took many of its cues from Reagan's, tried to cultivate a moral majority movement of its own, targeting video games and fetish porn such as women with small breasts acting as minors. Yet even without the heavy hand of government, other groups around the western world continued to follow Meese's lead and targeted the distributors of magazines as a way of censoring the magazines themselves.

WHILE feminism today has largely shifted to be a movement of inclusiveness and 'sex positivity', there remain many who can't let go of policing taste. In 2015, anti-sexism group Collective Shout pushed their moral hygiene on the lads mag trade, declaring it guilty of misogyny as much for its gallows humour as its models, and pressured Coles to stop selling such titles, which effectively put them out of business. The editor of *Zoo Weekly* dedicated his final issue to "the shouty killjoys who've spent years telling us – and you – that we're horrible people because we like beautiful women and taking the piss out of just about anything." Coalescing around political groups such as Free the Nipple and Go Topless, and the online sisterhood celebration Herself, the depiction of political and artistic tits is seen as acceptable but working-class tits are not.

As with Reagan's moralisers and Dworkin's activists decades earlier, many progressives have found themselves in an uncomfortable affinity with conservative politicians. Australia's two territories were the only places to legally sell smut outside of magazines and these worlds collided in 2007, when the federal government's Northern Territory intervention banned booze and porn in many remote communities. Any indigenous person in possession of multiple items of the good stuff faced fines and jail time, while "neighbours 20 metres away are not subject to this legislation", noted local academic Catherine Koerner. As predicted, the intervention went on to create more problems than it solved.

While porn was being criminalised for blackfellas in the outback and their computers were having filters installed, one old, white man was having no such problems. Reverend Fred Nile, Christian Democratic Party Senator in NSW and morals obsessive, was accessing porn on his parliamentary computers for "research purposes" (some 200,000 times), blaming an unnamed staffer for logging in under his name. Nile isn't merely a Freudian nightmare but part of an emerging political consensus that seeks to control our online lives. As with books last century, we are already subject to some of the most restrictive internet laws in the western world, although for now they are largely unenforced.

Jeff Sparrow, author of *Money Shot*, a history of Australian porn and censorship, also argues that outside the conventional vestiges of power the dark claws of capitalism have been steadily sinking into the sexual, turning our private pleasure into a commodity. Progressives line up with groups like Eros, the association of sellers of smut, to say we can express and enjoy sex any way we choose, while conservative groups like the Australian Christian Lobby emphasise that your sexuality is *precious*, a possession, and should be valued and saved for the right person.

All porn is a reflection on us as a society. It is everything around us. Cheap, plentiful, commodified, violent, exploitative, degrading, humiliating, creative, fun, banal, exciting; it is something to do and it is something that we do, and have done so back to the times of our Palaeolithic ancestors. That people try to cure us of bad porn without fixing the darkest impulses of the world that creates porn, means that censorship will always be an instrument of power, a master not a servant. As writer David Foster Wallace put it, "censorship always serves the status quo."

In the midst of attempts to censor our words and images, it's rarely considered that we live in a world filled with the pornography of violence; where committees examine *Penthouse* for longer than the case to invade a foreign country. As authoritarianism seeps through the brittle fabric of the world, it feels like everything we thought we knew is rapidly changing but the urge to repress remains concentrated with those who have power.

**ALL PORN IS A REFLECTION ON US AS A SOCIETY. IT IS EVERYTHING AROUND US. THAT PEOPLE TRY TO CURE US OF BAD PORN WITHOUT FIXING THE DARKEST IMPULSES OF THE WORLD THAT CREATES PORN, MEANS THAT CENSORSHIP WILL ALWAYS BE AN INSTRUMENT OF POWER, A MASTER NOT A SERVANT. AS WRITER DAVID FOSTER WALLACE PUT IT, "CENSORSHIP ALWAYS SERVES THE STATUS QUO"**

As the battle for autonomy of our souls tumbles through its latest iteration of censors, the idea of free expression has become as vacuous as it is loaded, a noble premise hijacked by a cruel, destructive political age. Just as "free speech" were the words shouted by Jeremy Christian at his trial earlier this year, for stabbing two people to death in Portland, US, when they came to the aid of two young Muslim women Christian was harassing.

Australians have long been importers of the worst ideas of other countries, but the instinct for dominance remains inflected with an innate, homegrown depravity. So as we shudder at the turn the world has taken, as we see violence in the streets and decline all around us, and in a time when we silence others in order to have our voices heard, the inclination to censor feels more potent than simply an attack on our desires. But as we've seen with the campaign against marriage equality, politics will continue to infect our sex lives – it always does.


FREE SPEECH
&#$!
SAFE SPACE

OPINION

# F#@K CENSORSHIP

## WHY ARE PEOPLE HELL BENT ON BEING CRY BABIES AND INFRINGING OUR RIGHT TO EXPRESS OURSELVES?

**BY STEPHEN CORBY**

WHENEVER I picture a censor at work – limp haired, top lip wet from its busy, darting tongue, old-man eyebrows and old-man clothes, slight scent of urine about their person – I see John Winston Howard.

It's just the kind of thing he gets off on, saying "no" to things (a Republic of Australia, a certain apology, etc.) or decreeing them illegal (gay marriage). You can just see his wee, beady little eyes staring at a spittle-flecked screen and shouting "NO! Not on my watch!" at a slightly racy episode of *The Flintstones* or *Dr Who*.

Being a censor, or just censorious, is a job for old people; for those who hate the young for all the sex and fun they're having, for the filth they're watching, and for making them feel broken and past it.

Can you imagine putting a millennial in charge of a censorship body? He'd just sit there and shrug at everything and say: "What's the point? It's all on the internet, isn't it?"

And lo, verily, it is. Our governments, perhaps best personified by the word "NO" in human form: Tony Abbott, may still seek to restrict our access to a lot of things that are now simply accepted elsewhere in the world – cannabis, medicinal and otherwise, full-strength alcohol at sporting events, the ability to marry whoever you want, buying a drink after dinner time ("Why aren't they in BED?" you can hear Howard shrieking) – but in terms of censoring what we watch or read, they're a busted flush.

It's hard for many of us to remember what the world was like before the time-wasting super highway forged its way into our lounge rooms, and then our pockets – but it was far, far easier then to restrict public access to things.

Not many decades ago, you couldn't, officially, buy an X-rated video outside of the ACT and NT. Today you have something in excess of a billion of them at your fidgeting fingertips.

If our government in the last century wanted to ban a book, back before there was Amazon, they could pretty effectively do so. And, to be fair, banning such boring bilge-fests as *Catcher in the Rye* and *Naked Lunch* (which they did) might not have been a bad idea.

Today, though, if the top Australian wowsers wanted to stop us seeing a particular movie, to protect our morals, they could issue a decree shutting all movie theatres – and it wouldn't make any difference.

The internet, much like Donald Trump, does not care about the differences between countries. It simply dominates our lives, and rules our resting hours the way that television used to.

Incredibly this doesn't stop the Angry Old White Men from trying. Only a few years ago *Zoo Weekly* was berated out of business by "shouty killjoys", as its final editor called them – and as a magazine it was about as hard-core as *When Harry Met Sally*. OK, maybe *Baywatch*.

More recently Abbott and his angry chide squad tried to stop Macklemore singing a song at the NRL Grand Final, essentially because it might make people think.

In the words of David Foster Wallace: "Censorship always serves the status quo." And we find ourselves in a world where fear rules (as long as it's not fear of climate change; that's nothing to worry about, apparently) and our leaders want us kept pliant and in the dark.

**A FEW YEARS AGO ZOO WEEKLY WAS BERATED OUT OF BUSINESS BY "SHOUTY KILLJOYS", AS ITS FINAL EDITOR CALLED THEM.**

If that sounds a bit Orwellian, think about how Scott Morrison and Peter Dutton decided they could fix the problem of refugee-boat arrivals: by not telling us about them anymore. Pure *Nineteen Eighty-Four*-style press-conference hilarity.

Over the water, Sean Spicer and those who've followed him have taken a similar tack.

Even the Trumpian idea of "fake news" is a clumsy form of post censorship: don't read that, or watch CNN, because it's not true. And people listen.

But only the stupid and the mentally torpid, fortunately.

Over the centuries the masses have pushed back against various forms of censorship, and while the fight for control of what we read, hear and think ebbs and flows, we've certainly got a more free press now than the South African public did, back when newspapers were printed with huge black boxes across them, blocking anything the government censors decided you shouldn't read.

That such a process could not work now just shows that the internet is, among other things, a giant "fuck you" to those who would censor our freedom of expression.

Thank God for the nerds, I say.

SPORT

# FRED'S FIGHT CLUB

## IN OUTBACK QUEENSLAND, THE WORLD'S LAST REMAINING TENT-BOXING TROUPE PUNCHES ON. BY IAN LLOYD NEUBAUER. PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANT ONG

"LADIES and gentlemen," cries a man standing in the middle of a boxing pit inside a big-top tent somewhere in outback Queensland. "I am going to show you something you have never seen before and will never see again, something you will talk about for years to come."

The crowd swells and roars as Fred Brophy, the man in the red shirt, introduces his scrappy mob of semi-pro fighters to the sound of beating drums: Chopsticks (yes he's Asian), Glynn 'Friendly Mailer' Johnston of the much-feared Johnston boxing family of Mount Isa, Blair 'Cowboy' Wilson, undefeated in more than 500 fights, Tiny Tim, who's anything but tiny, plus The Bitch and The Beaver, two female fighters who don't give a fuck about political correctness.

A couple of local toughs make their way ringside. Steeled by drink and the cheers of their mates, they're going to test their mettle by boxing one of Fred's fighters in three one-minute rounds.

The rules are simple. "If they win, they get $30 a minute," Fred says. "If they lose, they get the experience. If they fall down three times, they're out." Judges are chosen from the crowd – one from each side of the tent.

If it sounds like something from an old movie, it is. Tent-boxing troupes date back to the early 19th century, to roughneck Gold Rush settlements such as Ballarat and Bendigo. "There were no sports, there were barely any women, so on Saturdays one of the guys would bring their boxing gloves and everyone would drink beer," says Fred. "It was one of the first forms of entertainment in Australia."

Today, though, tent boxing is nearly extinct. When Fred got into the business in the 1970s, there were about a dozen tent-boxing troupes in outback Queensland alone. Now Fred Brophy's Boxing Troupe is the last of its kind in Australia.

Fred was born in Fremantle in 1951 to a long line of entertainers. His grandfather Frederick Milo got rich during WWII running a circus out of an old woolshed on Fremantle Harbour – a nightly extravaganza featuring trapeze artists, performing horses, a bit of boxing, lots of beer and dancing that proved a smash with pretty local girls and American GIs. "Milo used to tell the taxi drivers, 'For every car of Yanks you bring, I'll give you a pound'," Fred says.

It was the boxing troupe rather than the troops that piqued young Fred's interest. "Boxing tents have always fascinated me, watching the fighters enter a room, with all the colour, walking in with their big boots and gowns."

Watching wasn't enough for Fred. "I started boxing when I was five years old," he says casually. "I'd crawl into the ring with another kid before the main fight, wearing big 12-ounce boxing gloves. We could hardly lift them but we'd have a scrap and the crowd would go wild and throw pennies and sixpences at us. After the fight we'd go out the back and split the money, buy show bags and lollies, and the other fighters would teach me how to play poker with the rest of it. They'd rip it straight off me and I'd go back for another fight with tears in my eyes."

Fred worked as a shit-kicker and boxer for his parents at the Brophy Bros Circus until he was 16. At 17, he went out on his own, got mixed up with the wrong crowd and copped a four-year jail sentence. Before he turned 30, Fred had a boxing troupe of his own. Fred Brophy's Boxing Troupe debuted at the Mount Isa Show of 1979 and quickly became an icon of the outback, attracting legendary fighters such as the Hairy Man, the Maori Cannibal, Skip the Tattoo Man and The Hungarian wrestler, the ugliest man alive. Fred says the Hungarian set his beard on fire while lighting a cigarette in the Sahara, where he was stationed with the French Foreign Legion. But it wasn't the fire that scarred the Hungarian – it was the shovel his mates used to put the fire out. Or so goes the story Fred has told thousands of spectators over the past 40-odd years.

"I look at the crowd, I need to make them happy," he says. "This has always been my dream job. Not to be a millionaire, just to entertain."

Fred is a busy man. He owns and manages a pub on Queensland's Sunshine Coast and a second pub in the outback. And as a recipient of the Order of Australia (OAM) and bestselling author of *The Last Showman* (R.M. Williams' *Outback* magazine rated it as "one of the wildest, funniest, most extraordinary autobiographies you could squeeze into 300 pages"), he is constantly in demand for interviews and events.

**IF THEY WIN, THEY GET $30 A MINUTE IF THEY LOSE, THEY GET THE EXPERIENCE. IF THEY FALL DOWN THREE TIMES, THEY'RE OUT.**

When I spoke to Fred in 2011 he said, "I'm throwing in the towel after this year."

But he's still around – and his boxing tent is more popular than ever. In August his show pulled in a record 7,000-strong crowd at the 135th Birdsville Races, including none other than Senator Pauline Hanson, who made a cameo appearance as a ring-card girl. "We love you in the outback. You are a fair dinkum Australian," Fred said on his mic.

For all his achievements, Fred has failed to groom a protégé. He has five adult children, all of whom reckon he's the best dad in the world, but none of whom want to become fourth-generation ringmasters. Which means when Fred goes, so too does a nearly 200-year-old tradition in this country. But the old man in the big red shirt in the middle of the fight pit still hopes that someone will step up and into his shoes. "I will keep on doing this as long as I can," he says, "because everyone in Australia owns it. I'm just running it for them."











# DESTROYER OF WORLDS

## IS THE STANDOFF BETWEEN AMERICA AND NORTH KOREA TAKING US CLOSER TO A NUCLEAR WAR THAN EVER BEFORE? **BY NICK HOLLINS**

THE race to build the atomic bomb kicked off just months after German chemists Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassmann discovered nuclear fission in Berlin in December 1938. They found that uranium becomes barium when bombarded with neutrons. Physicist Lise Meitner realised they'd actually split the atom, and her paper in February 1939 sent shockwaves across the scientific world.

Eminent physicists now realised that an atomic weapon could be built, raising grave fears that Hitler's war machine might already be developing one. Has the world ever faced a greater threat? In August 1939, Hungarian scientist Leo Szilárd co-signed a letter with Albert Einstein to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, awakening him to the need for a US nuclear program.

This led to the Manhattan Project, which lasted from 1942 to 1947 and would have cost an estimated US$27 billion today. It achieved the first nuclear detonation on July 16, 1945, at the Los Alamos testing facility in New Mexico. After years of enriching nuclear material, a plutonium implosion device was developed along with a single (untested) uranium gun-type bomb, which was dropped on Hiroshima that August.

WWII gave way to the Cold War and basically to the plot of *Dr Strangelove: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, Stanley Kubrick's dark and brilliant comedy that hit on classified nuclear secrets with such accuracy he was investigated by the FBI. This was Strategic Air Command with nuclear bombers in the air at all times: Mutually Assured Destruction. The war room. The very height of nuclear lunacy. From producing 13 bombs in 1947, the United States had more than 1,100 by 1953 and 31,000 by the late 1960s; meanwhile, the Soviet Union's nuclear capacity was also rapidly expanding.

The arsenal featured 31 different models of delivery, including intercontinental missiles, launching from submarines or dropping from planes. There was a nuclear cannon for ground troops and absurd miniature backpack nukes for a soldier to deal with invading Russian tanks in Europe. Even a nuclear bazooka was created, while hand-grenade nukes were at least considered. Who's throwing that?

Los Alamos Laboratory director J. Robert Oppenheimer, reflecting on that first successful nuclear test, famously quoted the *Bhagavad Gita*: "Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds." Humanity had created the tools of its own complete annihilation.

In October 1962, the Cuban Missile Crisis almost ended everything. Détente between John F. Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev averted catastrophe. Now, in 2017, we're dealing with US President Donald Trump and North Korea's Kim Jong-un playing out a macabre nuclear standoff via Twitter.

North Korea became the ninth nation to create nuclear capability in late 2006, and has since detonated six bombs while ramping up its intercontinental ballistic missile program. In August it fired test missiles over Japan, and its state media claimed the weapons could strike Guam or even Texas.

Meanwhile, we have Trump tweeting that if North Korea failed to stand down, the country could face "fire and fury the likes of which the world has never seen". He then boasted, "My first order as president was to renovate and modernise our nuclear arsenal. It is now far stronger and more powerful than ever before…

"Hopefully we will never have to use this power, but there will never be a time that we are not the most powerful nation in the world!"

The main problem here is that he's lying. Credibility is an issue in a nuclear pistols-at-dawn scenario. You see, Mr President, we were filming you on January 20 when your first act as president was to seek the "repeal and replace" of Obamacare, which failed.

Second, your boasts that the arsenal is now "far stronger and more powerful than ever before", even if true, can't have anything to do with you. It simply doesn't work that way. While Trump ordered a Nuclear Posture Review in late January, as all new presidents do upon taking office, it takes years to see actual changes.

**IF NORTH KOREA FAIL TO STAND DOWN, THE COUNTRY COULD FACE FIRE AND FURY THE LIKES OF WHICH THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN.**

Ever since Trump was a mere Republican candidate for president, he's been quoted as being far too interested in nuclear weapons, reportedly asking "If we have them, why not use them?" So North Korea's Kim Jong-un is throwing literal celebration parties for nuclear blasts, while a 71-year-old man sees no issue in annihilating millions of people.

Compare this to President Obama, who pared down the arsenal by 304 nukes, gave disarmament speeches in Europe and received the Nobel Peace Prize. Ironically, he vastly expanded the legally fraught use of drones around the world, which have killed thousands. Although the US hasn't built any new nuclear bombs since the 1990s, the arsenal costs billions every year to maintain. That's a lot of cash to keep the big red phone on hand while Trump tweets at 3.45 in the morning.

As General 'Buck' Turgidson says to the president in *Dr Strangelove*, "I'm not saying we wouldn't get our hair mussed. But I do say no more than 10 to 20 million killed, tops."

The joke is that a healthy human being would perceive such things with grief and revulsion. Mutually Assured Destruction. There's no winning this with nukes, Donny.

12/17

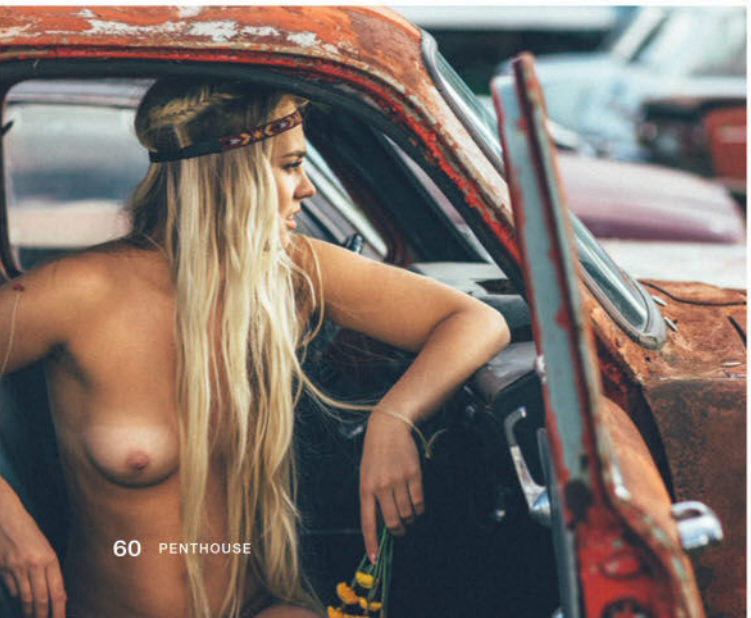
# DON'T WORRY BE HIPPIE

## INNA TRUU

THE 1960s and '70s were all about peace, free love, and a smorgasboard of drugs. Music fanaticism was outdoing religious fervour, cultural norms were being challenged and everyone was all about sticking it to the man (which we like to do here at *Penthouse*). While memories of that period are generally hazy, one thing is certain: the hippie reigned supreme. Thus is made good sense to dress the beautiful Inna up in a free-spirited, era-inspired outfit, and do our best to feel the love, man. You feel it? Because I sure as hell feel something...







**WHO are you and where are you from?**
I`m photographer Inna Truu from the small country of Estonia, located in Eastern Europe near the Baltic Sea.

**Where does inspiration for your work come from?**
I'm generally doing photography for private customers, and as this is usually their first experience doing a nude shoot, I derive my inspiration from the trust they place in me and the emotions that flow throughout the shoot.

**What is it about the female body that fascinates you?**
Flexibility.

**You like to shoot some kinky stuff. Would you consider yourself a kinky person?**
Yes, I guess that's true. Sometimes in my work I find myself realising some of my own fantasies – but of course this does not always work, because in most cases I need to consider the client's wishes, not my own.

**What's your favourite body part to photograph?**
The booty.

**Do you have any crazy shoot stories?**
I'm not sure that it's for a wide audience, but my first kiss with a girl happened during a photo session.

**Anything else?**
I want to encourage all women to try nude photography, as it is an empowering experience of self-expression and acceptance, that leaves you confident in your own body image.

**Follow Inna Tru:**
**Instagram: @inna.truu**
**500px.com/innatruu**
**facebook.com/innatruuphoto**
**www.innatruu.com**














12/17





Triumph & Disaster

# NOTHING SAYS ANTI FUCK'N AGING LIKE IGGY FUCK'N POP




triumphanddisaster

triumphanddisaster.com.au

triumphanddisaster




# RETRO LIVING

**EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO START YOUR OWN DIY RETRO REVIVAL AT HOME.**

VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE

# DEUS EX MACHINA CUSTOM RAPOSA PRATA

NOT strictly a vintage steed, but based on one of the most iconic vintage-styled bikes on the market, the Kawasaki W Series – the Raposa Prata is the embodiment of what makes Deus such a kickass garage. One of the first things you notice when you jump in the saddle is the painstaking attention to detail: the conversion from old school classic to modern brat bobber has been done by hand, which means they get away with so much more, from the wiring to the stitching.

One of the cleverest features of the bike is how they've successfully hidden the electronics inside the handlebars and under the seat in a polished metal box, giving you the authentic look and feel of a classic retro crotch-rocket, but with the modern practicality of a reliable no-hassle ride.

Like all Deus bikes, this bad boy is a custom order, so you'll need to get in touch with the shop to see what they can do for you, but that only adds to the cool factor and rarity.

*Deus Ex Machina - POA*

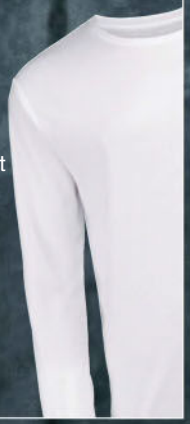


JEANS



**Faeroes Quilted Denim Tapered Jeans**
Break up the vintage appeal of your cafe racer with a more modern cut of denim. These quilted jeans from G-Star keep things retro enough, but have great detailing that only adds to the illusion you built the bike yourself.
*G-Star Raw - A$240*

SHIRT



**Base T-shirt**
Keep it simple. The long-sleeve tee is a staple every guy should own – motorcyclist or not. It'll keep you warmer than a regular tee under your leathers, and when you dismount you can pull up the sleeves and show off the tatts you definitely have.
*G-Star Raw - A$50*

*Vintage Look*

JACKETS



**HRD Irving Vincent Brando Leather Jacket**
A real motorcycle jacket from a real motorcycle company – and one with an amazing pedigree of racing. The Brando jacket from HRD Irving Vincent is ballsy as fuck, and the subtle branding on the sleeve is a nod to the champion motorbikes that made its name.
*Irvingvincent.com - A$799.95*

VINTAGE CAR

# ASTON MARTIN DB5

NEED we really introduce this car? Made famous by James Bond in *Goldfinger*, and re-hashed as a sharp-witted running gag in *Skyfall*, this car was an instant classic when it was released in 1963. British race car company Aston Martin applied the Italian design philosophies of its predecessor, the game-changing DB4 Grand Tourer. This resulted in a gentleman's car that could go like the clappers, corner like it was on rails and still look like the driver should be smoking a pipe with a copy of *Penthouse* on the passenger seat.

They haven't lost any appeal since, and the groundbreaking design is still applied to modern Astons. Given how sparse DB5s really are these days, they're one of the most expensive feathers a car collector can put in their cap, but still a holy grail for pretty much every bloke with a driver's licence. *See more on page 121.*




## *Vintage Look*

SUNGLASSES

**Persol PO7649S**
Originally made for military pilots and racing drivers in Turin, Persol shades have stood the test of time – partly because they're made to last. True to its roots, the brand still makes pilot-style glasses that'll shade your peepers, whatever vehicle you're commanding.
*Sunglass Hut - A$420*



TROUSERS

**Oliver Spencer Tab Linen and Cotton-blend Trousers**
Lightweight and stylish, these are great for a laidback Sunday outfit, perfect for cruising along in your vintage whip, blaring some daggy choons and turning heads as you roll on by, with the pussy magnet turned up to 11.
*mrporter.com - approx. A$267.40*





BUYING A VINTAGE CAR

# GET BEHIND THE WHEEL

BUYING a secondhand car can be an ordeal at the best of times. Dishonest or missing owner's logbooks, suspicious mileage on the odometer and rust in the wheel arches can be enough to drive buyers to settle for a slightly shitter, albeit brand-new vehicle, which drops in value the second it rolls off the lot.

As a result, entering the vintage vehicle marketplace can be even more daunting. These issues are only amplified – and given the collectability of some cars, the stakes can be high.

With a few key things to look out for, you can put yourself ahead of the time wasters and tyre kickers and get behind the wheel of a bona-fide classic before you can say *American Graffiti*.

- Check the odometer is good, but also look at the engine. Proper vintage vehicles that are still on the road have often had at least one thorough engine overhaul, meaning that despite a huge mileage on the clock they're still purring like a you-know-what. Even if you know your way around a set of wrenches, if you're not au fait with the exact model you're looking to grab, enlist a professional to go over it with a fine-tooth comb.

- Expect to make some repairs, and take note of how much they're going to cost you. It might be as minor as a tear in the upholstery, or as major as replacing a camshaft – either way, you're going to be spending money on this thing. Have a good look at what needs doing right away and what can wait, and budget based on priority.

- Watch the market for a while before making your move. This is not only wise as you'll see more options come up, broadening your chances at snapping up a perfect example, but it'll also give you a good scope of how the pricing works for that model, and whether you're bagging a bargain or being taken for a ride.


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PENTHOUSE

VINTAGE STYLE

# LOOK SLICK

## (SOME MEN ALWAYS HAVE)

THE resurgence of old-school haircuts coiffed and styled in old-school barbershops is undeniably massive. Gone are the days of a $10 chop at the local Just Cuts. Blokes in 2017 know that a barber is more than just a ticket to a fresh do: he's your confidante, joke-monger and adviser on all things guy-stuff, and he's so goddamn good at making your hair look terrific.

Keeping your quiff in shape in between visits can be frustrating if you're not as practiced as your clipper-jockey, but any barber will tell you that a quality pomade is the best place to start. Here are three Australian options (and one Kiwi one) to give your hair the slick shine you're after.




### » UPPERCUT DELUXE

These guys are partly responsible for bringing the vintage slick-back look back into fashion a few years ago. This gear gives you the look of heavy-hold grease with the convenience of being water-soluble, so it rinses out like a gel. The coconut and vanilla scent will tempt you to eat it, but don't.

***uppercutdeluxe.com.au – $28***




### » BURLY FELLOW FIRM HOLD

The coconut and mango aromas as you open the tin will smack you in the nostrils and get you feeling tropical about your soon-to-be-perfect hair. This one is water based and will rinse out with ease, and has a super-high shine.

***burlyfellow.com – $29***




### » MODERN PIRATE SUPERIOR

Pomegranate seed extract and vitamin E are used to enhance a healthy scalp in this, one of the most versatile pomades out there. Use more water for a relaxed look or apply liberally to dry hair for a firmer hold.

***modernpirate.com.au – $28***




### » TRIUMPH & DISASTER COLTRANE CLAY

Want to rock a rugged greaser look but without the shine? Triumph & Disaster's Coltrane Clay is made for longer, textured looks that rep the bad boy steeze of the '50s without the slick sheen. White wax, beeswax and Pracaxi oil combine to give a firm, malleable hold, to keep you rough and ready.

***triumphanddisaster.com.au – approx. $41***

VINTAGE AT HOME

# RETRO MAN CAVE

IN the good old days a man reigned as the king of his castle. Love it or hate it, women held their domain in the kitchen, and a '50s pad wasn't complete without a separate matching space for the man of the house. If you've got the luxury of owning a man cave, here are some must-have items to give it a feel as vintage as the concept of having a den in the first place.

**1. SMEG BAR FRIDGE**
The Italian design outfit is responsible for the most famous retro-revival appliance ever (with some thanks to Jamie Oliver), but this bar fridge belongs in a man cave, not the kitchen. Available in various colours to match your pad; fill it with beer and nothing else.
***appliancesonline.com.au — $1,672***

**2. SUNBURST CLOCK**
The sunburst clock is back in vogue and with good reason: it looks sick. It screams retro style without going overboard and is a simple, masculine addition to any room – but specifically your own.
***mattblatt.com.au — $149***

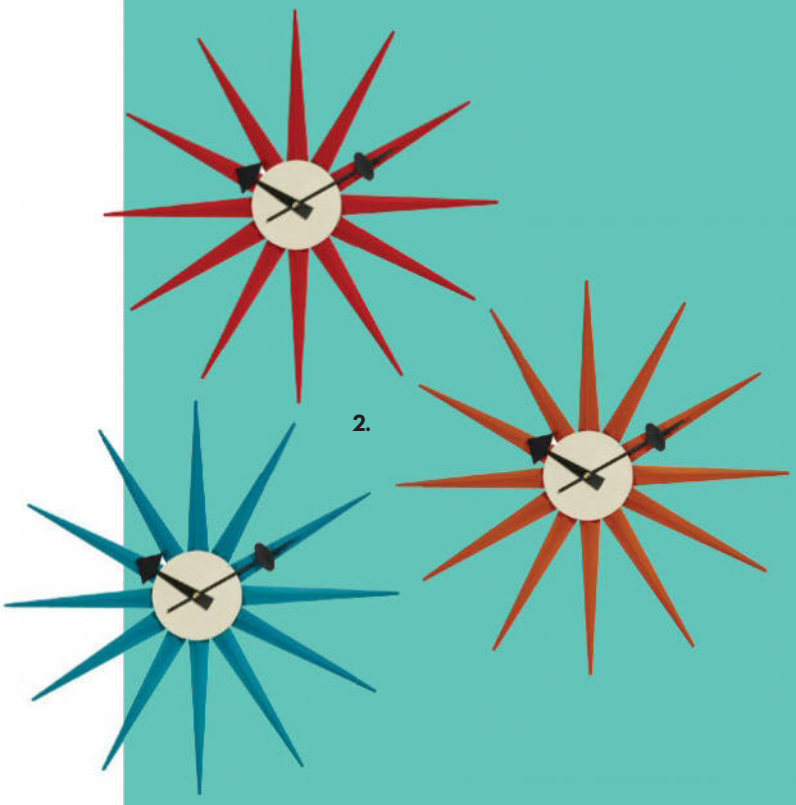
**3. VINTAGE STYLE TV**
If there's one culture that has warmly embraced the whole vintage thing it's the Japanese, and technology is kinda their thing. This TV is as modern as they come, in every way except for its looks. Still too modern for ya? Turn the colour to black and white for extra authenticity.
***japantrendshop.com – US$895***

**4. ROCKIT RECORD PLAYER**
While we all love Spotify, nothing beats vinyl for an authentic retro feel (and sound quality, for that matter). Rockit Record Players provide the vintage look of an old-school turntable but with Bluetooth connectivity and the ability to digitise your record collection via USB.
***rockitrecordplayers.com.au — $449***

**5. TIKI MUGS**
No man cave is complete without an array of potential methods for booze consumption, and what better way to ingest hard liquor than from a miniature ceramic demon head? Perfect for all your rum-based classics – extra points if you set them on fire. Paper umbrella optional.
***barproducts.com – approx. $30 for four***



1.


2.

3.






4.



5.




*Vintage Look*

TUNES

**MILKBAR-ERA JUKEBOX**

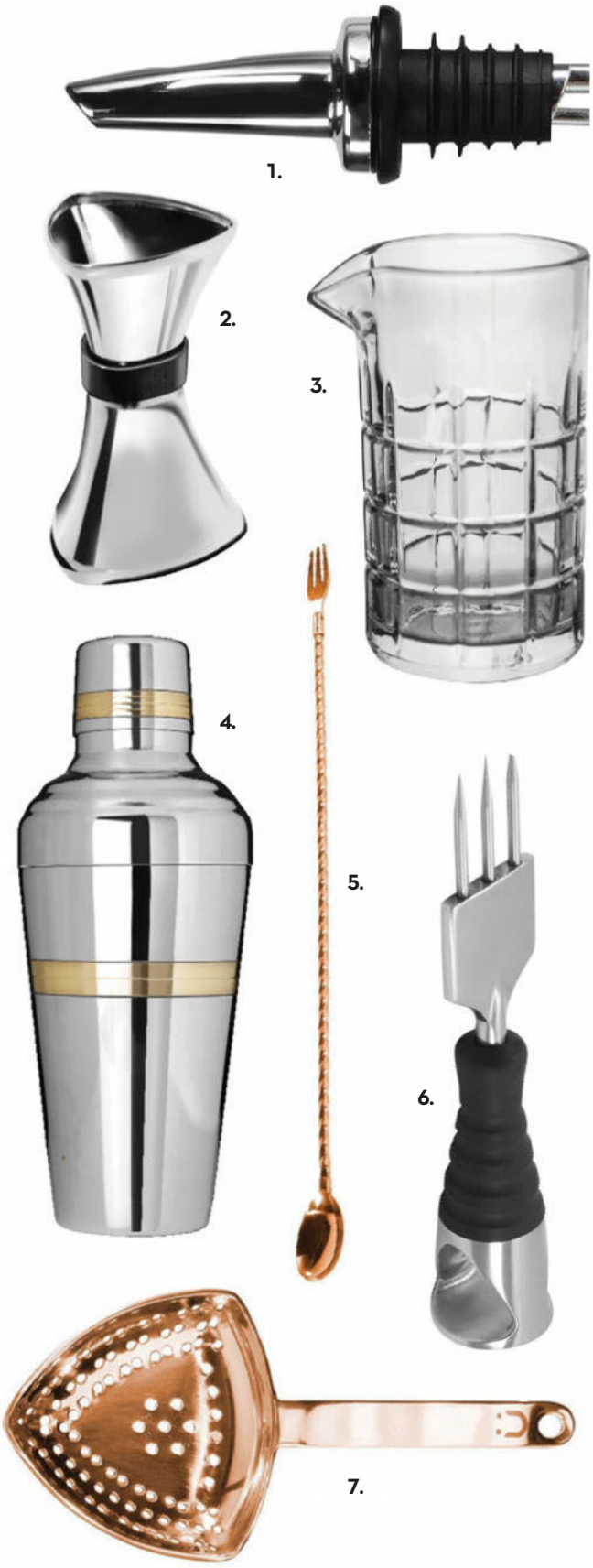
Not as easily sourced as one may think, a proper jukebox is the ultimate cave dressing for the retro-inclined man. Scour eBay and Gumtree for best results and expect to do some repairs yourself – but trust us, the extra effort is worth it; this is as cool an appliance as you can get. ***Starts from $499***

VINTAGE AT HOME

# HOW TO BUILD A HOME BAR

A HOME bar is one of the finest ways to remain sated and sauced on a budget, all without leaving the house, and will make you the envy of all your pisshead friends. Sixty years ago you'd be hard pressed to find a single home that didn't have at least some semblance of a shrine to booze somewhere within its walls. Australian designers Über Bar Tools are the best in the business, and while they might not have you catching bottles like Tom Cruise and Bryan Brown, they'll definitely have you emptying them in the classiest way possible. *Products available at: uberbartools.com*






**WHAT YOU WILL NEED:**

**1. SPEED POURERS**
Not the most glamorous item in your home bar but one of the most useful by a long shot. Perfect measures, easy pours and a key tool for any pro, these take your amateur set-up from a hobby to a slick-looking operation in about three seconds flat.
***approx. $11.95***

**2. JIGGER**
OK, we don't actually use these ourselves but that's because we take a 'more the merrier' approach to putting booze in our drinks. If you have a shred of self-respect, however, or would like to actually follow a recipe, one of these bad boys will prove immeasurably (heh) handy.
***approx. $21.95***

**3. MIXING GLASS**
For stirred-down drinks, a mixing glass adds a touch of sophistication to the process of basically drinking straight spirits – you marvellous filthy boozehound. A fancy one like this will stir some loins – keep it in the freezer for bonus points.
***approx. $35.95***

**4. SHAKER**
You're definitely going to need one of these… Used for most cocktails, a good shaker is a worthwhile investment, and your ticket to icy cold bevvos ready to drink in two shakes of a lamb's tail (or a Fluffy Duck). Keep one within arm's reach at all times.
***approx. $49.95***

**5. BAR SPOON**
More than just a spoon, this natty device also has a trident at the non-spoony end, which makes fishing cocktail onions out of a narrow jar an absolute piece of piss. Fun fact: the spiral style of the handle also makes it possible to stir without losing grip.
***approx. $49.95***

**6. ICE PICK**
Ever wondered how they make those perfect ice spheres? Well it's not exactly with this but it does help if you go the extra mile and freeze your own proper ice blocks, in that you'll be able to stab at them until they're a pleasing size and shape.

**7. JULEP STRAINER**
It goes with the mixing glass and guarantees an easy time when you need to get your Old Fashioned, Martini or fancy AF Bundy from the jar into the glass without spilling it everywhere.
***approx. $24.95***



VINTAGE STYLE

# DOPP KITS

WHILE it may not be the first thing you think about when you prepare for your ideal holiday, a Dopp kit is one of man's more important accessories. While the origin of the name is spurious (it's OK, you can call it a toiletries bag too), it's a necessity when you're on the road – and a good one will last you a lifetime.

Here are two that'll serve you well, though we can't help but think they'll be even better at their job if they're filled with Triumph & Disaster products.

**FRANK THE DOPP** ^^

Styled like an old-fashioned portmanteau, this is all the Dopp kit you'd ever need if you spend time travelling. Made from leather with a robust, waterproof synthetic lining, we're particularly fond of the separate base compartment for wet things. It stops your toothbrush from cuddling up to your toenail clippers while you're in transit, because that's fucking disgusting.

***approx. $136.50***

**FIELD KIT** »

Similar to Frank, but a little more prepared for longer adventures, the Triumph & Disaster Field Kit is the kind of Dopp you want by your side when you're hauling your way across continents, traversing new frontiers and getting away from comforts and into the elements for extended periods.

***approx. $151.50***



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Australia's design store




DANISH HAND CRAFTED JERRY CANS FUEL

**Exclusive to top3 by design**
Authentic upcycled world war II Jerry Cans.




Sydney + Melbourne Stores
or shop online **top3.com.au**



# HOME BAR RECIPES

## I. NEGRONI

Bitter and boozy, the Negroni is one of the most ubiquitous classic cocktails around. Great before dinner, it's a timeless aperitif and can enjoyed by all.

**30 ml London Dry Gin**
**30 ml Sweet (Rosso) Vermouth**
**30 ml Campari**

*Stir with cracked ice and strain over large cube into a crystal rocks glass. Garnish with orange wedge.*

## II. HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU KID

If you're not into mixers and prefer your drink neat and strong, this is for you. Aged to perfection in oak bourbon barrels – the only way to mess this drink up is not choosing the right company to share it with.

**60 ml Here's Looking at You Kid Barrel Aged Vodka**

*Stir over ice and serve in a chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with three olives on a short skewer.*

## III. PIÑA COLADA

Whatever your pre-conceptions may be, it's not a chick's drink: it's fucking delicious. Make a whole batch and invite your hot neighbours over for a pool party, even if you haven't got a pool.

**30 ml rum**
**60 ml Malibu**
**30 ml coconut cream**
**20 ml lime juice**
**60 ml pineapple juice**

*Blend with loads of ice and pour into the most ostentatious vessel you can find. Garnish to your heart's content.*

## IV. WHITE RUSSIAN

Undeniably delicious, a White Russian is a satisfyingly sugary bevvo that tastes a lot less boozy than it is, and will pack a desired punch. The dude abides.

**30 ml Ghost Vodka**
**30 ml Kahlua**
**30 ml cream**
**90 ml full cream milk**

*Build all ingredients over ice in a tall glass. Serve without a garnish. Go bowling.*


II


III


IV

12/17

# AFTERNOON DELIGHT
# THOMAS AGATZ

WHY'S everything got to be so complicated? In our opinion, it's the simple things in life that make it worth living. Like a beautiful blonde with an amazing body, naked on our couch. Thomas Agatz understands. In this shoot, he works with soft light, a single room and the incredible Sidse Kinnerup (who first featured in *Penthouse* back in March). Simplicity at its finest.











# 12/17











# Precious Pinot

"Growing Pinot is one of my greatest pleasures. Making quality Pinot is all about diversity of the fruit and winemaking styles, building complexity within the glass. Through our careful selection we produce over 20 different individual wines which come together for our Hill Top Pinot Noir."

**- Randal Tomich**




**Hill Top Pinot Noir**

**94 Points**

**James Halliday**

★★★★★ **5 Star Winery - James Halliday**

1403 Onkaparinga Valley Road, Woodside, South Australia

**Cellar Door** 87 King William Road, Unley, Adelaide **P** (08) 8299 7500 **W** tomichhill.com.au

FEATURE

# THE END OF UNHAPPINESS

## HAS A GENIUS SOFTWARE ENGINEER FOUND A SOLUTION TO THE SOARING SUICIDE RATE?

**BY IAN LLOYD NEUBAUER**

POP quiz: what is the most common cause of death for young adults in Australia? Cancer? Heart disease? Road accidents? Murder? No. The leading cause of death for Australians aged 15 to 44 is suicide.

Eight Australians take their own lives every day, three-quarters of them men, according to Lifeline suicide prevention services. Even more disturbing is the number of attempted suicides that take place every day: 179, or one every eight minutes.



INFORMER

ILLUSTRATIONS: LIUZISHAN

RESEARCH by the Black Dog Institute has identified a number of symptoms present in 80 per cent of male suicides: periods of depressed moods, social isolation, personal stressors such as unemployment or relationship breakdown, and unhelpful conceptions of masculinity – the 'tough Aussie bloke' stereotype in particular. But if one broad stroke were to be painted through these symptoms, one could say all the victims were dreadfully unhappy.

Efforts to solve the unhappiness conundrum date back thousands of years. From the teachings of ancient sages such as Buddha and Socrates to Harvard University's famous 79-year-old Grant Study on factors that lead to a good life, there are as many supposed cures to unhappiness as there are raindrops in a storm.

Yet unhappiness continues to plague us. Suicide in Australia is at a 12-year high, while a frightening 3 million Australians – nearly one in six people aged 15 and up – suffer from clinical depression or anxiety, according to the Australian Bureau of Statistics [2008 ABS stats, according to Beyond Blue].

Now it seems that an Egyptian software engineer may have solved the greatest riddle of all time. His name is Mohammad Gawdat, or Mo for short, and he is chief business officer at Google X – an elite team of super-engineers working on disruptive technologies including driverless cars, drone freight delivery and wi-fi balloons.

Mo is an observant Muslim, but his answer to unhappiness isn't based on spirituality or religious beliefs. Instead he has applied the same fact-based engineering approach he uses at work to come up with scalable and repeatable solutions that are disrupting unhappiness on a massive, global scale. Close to 100 million people have watched Mo's TV interviews and lecture series on YouTube, while his new book, *Solve for Happy*, is currently being translated into 37 different languages.

"Even though humanity is at one of its best ever eras, billions of people are unfulfilled in their lives and relationships," Mo says. "Unhappiness is an epidemic. So I decided to do something positive – to write this book and share my model of happiness with all those who are needlessly suffering in the world."

**EVEN THOUGH HUMANITY IS AT ONE OF ITS BEST EVER ERAS, BILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE UNFULFILLED IN THEIR LIVES AND RELATIONSHIPS**

## SOLVING FOR SUCCESS

The son of a civil engineer and a professor of English literature, Mo Gawdat was not your everyday kid. After school he read books to teach himself about carpentry, how to make mosaics, play the guitar and speak German. He became obsessed with special relativity, game theory and mathematics, and reached a high level of proficiency in hyper-realistic charcoal painting, computer programming and the culinary arts. At the age of 16 he used mathematical modelling to conclude that some kind of 'creator' must exist because it was statistically more probable that the "universe happened as a result of design and not pure luck – even if pure luck happened over an infinity of time."

As a young adult, everything Mo touched turned to gold. He married a smart, beautiful woman who gave him two healthy children. He moved to Dubai and scored important, high-paying jobs with tech giants such as IBM and Microsoft. And at night, when Mo couldn't sleep, he applied mathematics to study the share market and made millions of dollars.

But Mo was miserable. And the richer he got, the more miserable he became. "One evening I went online and with two clicks I bought two vintage Rolls-Royces," he recalls. "Why? Because I could. And because I was desperately trying to fill a hole in my soul. You won't be surprised to hear that when those beautiful classics of English automobile styling arrived at the kerb, they didn't lift my mood a bit."

In 2001, when the world was reeling from the attacks of September 11, Mo had a eureka moment. He realised his parents, his teachers, his employers, the whole world, in fact, had sold him a lie. "There is an Arabic proverb that says if you stay hungry for a year and you don't dress very lavishly for another year, then you will be ok. They say, 'When you get this or achieve that, then you will be happy.' Is this not the promise we are all told?

"But success does not equal happiness," Mo says. "We see some of the most successful people out there, swimming in money, but miserable. Look at how many rock stars end up committing suicide. And to me that was the opening argument for an engineering approach: should I be solving for success or happiness?"

Mo committed the next decade of his life to figuring out why so many of us are born happy but somehow lose the magic along the way. "Look at babies," he says. "As long as they are warm and loved and they are fed, they're happy just playing with their toes.

"Being Middle Eastern, therapy was not an option. We're macho men," he says. "So I secretly started reading everything I could get my hands on. For nine years I read about nothing but happiness. What I realised is that I would never get back to happiness as long as I held onto the idea that as soon as I do this or that I will become happy. Happiness shouldn't be something you work for or something dependent on external conditions."

By 2010, Mo had come up with a solution that helped him return to the happy state he recognised in himself as a child. No matter what life threw at him, Mo never got grumpy.

"Every second week I used to fly 14 hours from Dubai to the US and then spend four more hours in Homeland Security with a silly smile on my face," he recalls. "Nothing could dent my happiness."

However, in 2014, Mo's 21-year-old son Ali died while getting his appendix removed in a hospital in Dubai.

"Losing a child, they say, is the harshest experience anyone can endure," Mo says. "It certainly shakes every parent to the core. But for me, the loss was even worse because Ali was not just my son. He was also my best friend."

## THE RESET SWITCH

Mo's first step to solving unhappiness was to define the problem.

What is unhappiness? The absence of happiness?

What is happiness? Does anyone really know?



Mo Gawdat on You Tube

"I started to capture as many arbitrary data points of instances that made me happy and I plotted them on a chart and tried to make an equation," Mo explains. "And my discovery was very straightforward. When the events of your life seem to meet your expectations of how life should behave, regardless of what your expectations are and regardless of how generous or harsh those events are, you have that interesting feeling called happiness. When life behaves how you want it to behave, you feel happy. But when your expectations are unmet, you become unhappy."

Is Mo's solution to enduring happiness simply to lower one's expectations? No. Mo thinks we should change the way we react to missed expectations. "It's not the event, it is the thought about the event that makes you unhappy," Mo explains. "It's how your brain behaves when those expectations are missed."

And that, he says, is where the cycle of unhappiness or suffering begins. "Look at the difference between pain and suffering. Pain is useful," he says. "You cut your finger with a knife and the pain will continue for a day or two because your body is telling you to protect it. You hate the feeling but it is necessary to keep you alive. Emotional pain is the same. It is an important alarm system for our bodies.

"But what is suffering? The event was painful, so I dwell upon it. I keep on thinking about it over and over and over in my brain. 'Why did that happen?' 'I am a doormat.' You don't only keep the painful event alive, you make it worse. And as we do that,

we suffer. Suffering is a kind of self-generated pain. Suffering is a choice.

"Suffering can end if you just tell your brain to think about something else," Mo says. "You do it all the time when you need to solve a particular problem like a maths equation. You say, 'Brain, focus on this or that,' and your brain does as it's told. But when your brain tells you it's time to be unhappy, you suffer. You let your brain do what it wants and drive you crazy with incessant thought. By using 'brain control', you can move away from incessant thought towards insightful thought. When you see there is no value in incessant thought, the suffering goes away."

The death of Mo's son Ali provided him with the opportunity to put his solution to the ultimate test. "I could have locked myself in a room and spent the rest of my life crying, but would it have brought Ali back?" Mo asks. "No. It wouldn't. Nor would it be a sign of how much I loved my son."

The only thing suffering would do, Mo realised, was make him and everyone around him unhappy.

"The pain is there but I made a conscious decision," Mo recalls. "I told myself, 'I won't let the suffering happen.' So when I think of Ali, instead of torturing myself for an hour and feeling like a victim, I remember all the wonderful times we had together – 21 and a half years with that wonderful boy. I don't allow my brain to regenerate pain. There is enough pain in the world without it. I reset my brain and design a path forward to make life today, as harsh as it has become, a slightly better place than it was yesterday."

seen Timmy being eaten by a tiger before; it was not a pleasant experience. I don't want to feel that again.'

"Then the brain starts to exaggerate. It says, it's not one tiger, it's a mean tiger, two of them hunting together, and we might as well just run. But then a couple of birds shoot out of the bush and the hunters realise it was nothing.

"Well, those features were very useful in the caveman years. Your brain tells you to be afraid of a couple of birds in a bush and hide because it's much better than being eaten. But as you move into the modern world those features become defects. We get unhappy when the doughnuts are a little too sweet or because there are no doughnuts because of the seven defects. The first defect filters out those people in Africa who have never seen a doughnut, and on it goes until your narrow view of the story can sound reasonably depressing."

Mo explains how these seven defects skew our ability to set realistic expectations and see the truth – the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And the truth is that unless you're a refugee in Syria or starving in Africa, you are pretty much ok.

In 'A Conversation with Ali', the moving afterword to *Solve for Happy*, Mo writes about how the brain's seven defects tried to prevent him from seeing the truth – and true expectations – after his son died needlessly on the operating table.

"For years my happiness model had taught me to control the thoughts in my head. I could tell my brain to suspend a negative thought and get me a better one. The unexpected loss of Ali, though, threw me way out of balance. The crazy peace I felt turned into malicious and aggressive thoughts, the

**BY USING 'BRAIN CONTROL', YOU CAN MOVE AWAY FROM INCESSANT THOUGHT TOWARDS INSIGHTFUL THOUGHT. WHEN YOU SEE THERE IS NO VALUE IN INCESSANT THOUGHT, THE SUFFERING GOES AWAY**

### THE GRUMPY CAVEMAN

If suffering is a choice, what does it say about us? Is there something fundamentally wrong with our design? Yes and no, says Mo. "The brain has an overarching tendency to be grumpy, seriously grumpy, mine is getting a little more fun now but it's always been grumpy. It looks at the world and says, 'Horrible! I don't like it, I'm unhappy about this, unhappy about that'."

This is where Mo's research gets seriously interesting. He has figured out that our brains constantly look at the bad side of things because they have seven defects. Your brain will "filter, assume, recall, predict, feel, label and exaggerate" all the time – and it thinks it's doing you a favour. Why? Because our brains were designed for cavemen, not the futuristic beings we have become.

"When you are suffering from incessant thought you are at the mercy of your brain and its seven defects," Mo explains. "Well, not 'defects' exactly, but features that allowed us to be successful cavemen."

To make his point, Mo asks us to imagine we are cavemen and women. "The hunters are out and a sound comes from behind a bush," he says. "The hunters start to narrow down: they filter, recall, predict, label. They are trying to listen to every noise; they are looking acutely at that bush. Then the lead hunter says it's a tiger. The other hunters think to themselves, 'I am afraid. I have

first one being 'the doctor murdered my son'.

"But then came the ghost of Ali, the voice of logic and reason. *Is that true, Papa? What doctor wakes up in the morning and says, 'Today is the day I am going to kill someone and ruin my career?'*

"No one should die at such a young age. *Is that true? Youngsters die by the thousands every hour of every day.*

"My life stops with yours. *Oh, is that true? Life stops for nobody.*

"This is the worst thing that could ever happen to me – the death of my son. *Is that really true, Papa? I could have been diagnosed with lingering cancer instead of leaving peacefully in my sleep.*

"But I drove you to that hospital myself. It's my fault. *Is that true? How could you have known?*

"But I'm afraid. Will your mother make it through? What will happen to your sister? *What will happen will happen, regardless of your fear. There's really nothing to fear.*"

The conversation in Mo's head seemed endless. Every time Ali knocked an untruth on its head, his brain conjured up another one to make him suffer, until Ali said: *"Papa, why do you want to let your thoughts bring you years of suffering that won't change a thing? You know what I want you to do? I want you to be happy!"*


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INTERVIEW

# THE WONDER GAL

**MAKING HER DEBUT AS WONDER WOMAN/DIANA PRINCE IN LAST YEAR'S BATMAN V SUPERMAN: DAWN OF JUSTICE, GAL GADOT PUT IN A PERFORMANCE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ENSURE SHE GOT A MOVIE ALL OF HER OWN.**

SURE enough *Wonder Woman*, co-starring Chris Pine and Robin Wright, was a box office smash last winter. Now you can catch her in *Justice League*, alongside Batman (Ben Affleck), Superman (Henry Cavill), Lois Lane (Amy Adams), The Flash (Ezra Miller) and Lex Luthor (Jesse Eisenberg), with a second *Wonder Woman* movie slated for release in 2019.

Just 18 years old when she won the 2004 Miss Israel competition, Gadot envisioned a future as a lawyer before auditioning to be a Bond girl for *Quantum of Solace*. She didn't get the part, but the experience took her to Hollywood, where she later won a recurring role in the *Fast & Furious* franchise.

She's been married to Israeli real estate developer Yaron Versano since 2008, and the couple have two daughters – Alma, six, and nine-month-old Maya. Filming scenes for *Wonder Woman* and *Justice League* while pregnant qualifies Gadot, 32, worthy of her on-screen alter ego. Here she talks to us about superheroes, training in the Israeli military and squeezing into her super-tight Wonder Woman costumes.

**A decade ago you auditioned for *Quantum of Solace*, opposite Daniel Craig as 007. You didn't get the part. So how thrilled are you today to receive vindication as Wonder Woman?**
That was my very first audition. A casting director from England was in Israel looking for girls and happened to see my card up on the board. I wasn't even an actress! I did the audition and it didn't happen, but I always say that everything happens for a reason, because thanks to that audition and the fact that I had call-backs and a camera test and went through the entire process – all of that made me realise that I wanted to be an actress. Up until then I was studying law and international relations at university.

**But that wouldn't have been a bad career either…**
Yeah, now I always say that when I was a law student, it was like reading scripts, like when you read the verdict. But thanks to that audition I realised I wanted to be an actress. Timing is everything and also the fact that I wasn't ready back then – everything made me ready for this one.

**What made *Wonder Woman* special for you?**
It was the first time I've worked on a mega-movie that at the same time felt so small and intimate. We were so lucky to have such a great chemistry with each other, each and every one of us, and with [director] Patty Jenkins. We certainly had challenges during filming, like when you're shooting on location in London in the middle of the winter and you have a very short day and you need to make it work. But everything was easy to overcome because we all had each other for support.

**IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE PORTRAYED A CHARACTER WHO IS SO GOOD AND PURE AND POSITIVE, AND THAT WAS VERY INSPIRING FOR ME AS A PERSON AND AS AN ACTRESS**

**What was it like working with Patty Jenkins?**
First of all, I would say that Patty was the right person for this job, to direct this movie. Whether she's a woman or not, she had all the abilities and qualities this movie needed. But definitely there is a difference working with a female director who's been a young, innocent girl, and grew up to understand the world is a complicated place. That all helped me go through this journey with her.

Patty is such a talented director, so smart and so passionate. She dived right in with us, with each and every scene. We did numerous takes until we had the perfect, magical one. She's such a perfectionist that she never stopped until it was perfect. That made us all work even harder, and made us all want to be the best for her, knowing who she is.

**Did it impress you that Patty directed *Monster*, for which Charlize Theron won the Best Actress Oscar? Did you feel that made her extra qualified to direct *Wonder Woman*?**
We became super close, we had so many funny moments, and so many deep moments on set just talking about life and having philosophical conversations. I think that after *Monster* Patty always envisioned herself directing *Wonder Woman*. Actually, after Charlize won the Oscar, the studios all came to Patty and asked: 'What do you want to do, what's next for you?' And she said she went to Warner Bros and said she wanted to direct the next *Wonder Woman*. Little did she know that, several years later, she would! But Patty is super talented, she had a clear vision of Diana Prince and her story, and how she wanted to tell it.

**Tell us about your Wonder Woman costumes. Do you have a favourite?**
I have 14 different costumes in that movie! It's hard to choose between the silver and the gold... None of the costumes were light but they weren't too heavy either. One was the same as I wore in *Batman v Superman*, although it was a lot more comfortable than the original. When we were preparing for *Wonder Woman* I made it very clear that I needed to have some oxygen going through my body so I could shoot the movie. So we adjusted the costume and changed the material and made things a bit bigger so nothing was super, super tight – because the shoot was over 117 days and I had to perform in that costume. It's like pyjamas for me now, I can even sleep in it! I love the costume, I think it's super strong and sexy at the same time, and I love the way it looks.

**Military service is mandatory for men and women in Israel. Did this help you prepare for the role?**
Growing up I was always very active doing all different types of sports, and I was a dancer. I don't think that my service in the IDF [Israel Defense Forces] really taught me or gave me tools to perform better as Wonder Woman, but the fact I've been active all my life and I know how to carry my body and how to use it definitely helped a lot.

**How was it working on the green screen with all the special effects?**
I must tell you that we had a lot of locations in this movie. A lot. The first month and a half was all on location in London, and then another month and a half in Italy, so we only had about one month shooting on the stage – which is very unusual for these mega-action sci-fi movies, so it felt great.

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. PICTURES/ TM & (C) DC COMICS







**What did the catering department feed you on location?**
Pasta and salmon… In Italy, we called it "Eat-aly" because they fed us so well! But we went out for dinners almost every night.

**How did you make Wonder Woman all your own?**
Well I can't take that credit to myself, obviously. Making this movie was a studio decision. Why did it take so long? Who knows? But I'm very lucky it did, and I'm happy that finally we got to tell her story. I think that, as an actress, I bring myself to every character I play. I feel very close to Diana, to Wonder Woman.

It's the first time I've portrayed a character who is so good and pure and positive, and that was very inspiring for me as a person and as an actress. I come from a very safe and protected background and I had a very normal childhood. I was very sheltered. I'm not saying that I went through a similar journey to Wonder Woman, I'm just saying that, as a girl, growing up and becoming a more complicated person, I love her story and I love the fact that it happens in delay, because usually you grow up slowly. Diana was very naïve and innocent, then all of a sudden she got caught in this scenario that made her understand the world better, and she grew up.

**But how did you make her your own, rather than Lynda Carter's Wonder Woman?**
To be completely honest with you, I didn't think about how to make her my own. What drives me as an actress is: how do I tell this story in the most interesting and original way, and how do I do the best I can – and that's all that I focused on. I wanted to make her relatable and accessible because, at the end of the day, she is a goddess, and it's very hard to relate to a goddess! I was looking for her imperfections; to show her insecurity and to show her lack of confidence at times. When I was talking to Patty about the character, both of us felt very strongly that Wonder Woman symbolises so many things – she is a great feminist role model. She's the strongest, most powerful female character and I didn't want to portray her as a ball-buster or bossy or a know-it-all. I wanted people to be able to love her, and I think that you can love people when you see that they're not perfect, and when you see they're soft and loving and they mean well – and that's how I made her.

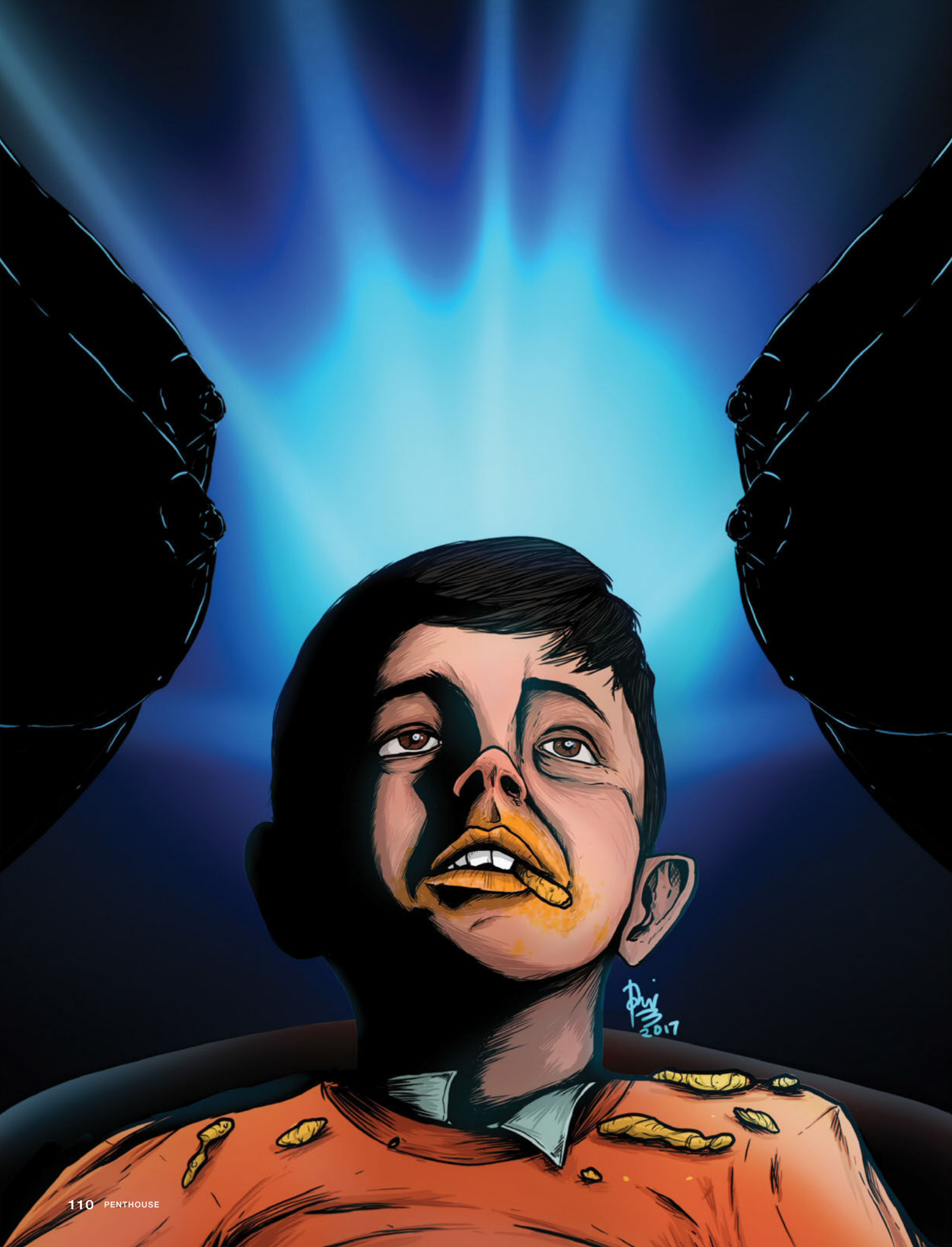
**Why do you think it took so long for Wonder Woman to make it to the big screen?**
Who knows? I have no knowledge of the internal workings of the system. I have no idea, all I can say is that, listening to the fans, and hearing everything they had to say, there was no better time. It felt like everyone was very much ready for the movie, which was really exciting for us. And for me, of course, I felt very privileged and lucky that they'd waited for so long, so I could be the one to portray this character.

**Did you have to go through a lot of physical training for the role? There was horseback riding, obviously, but what else did you have to learn in preparation?**
Before we started shooting I felt like a little girl looking up at Mount Kilimanjaro and thinking, how the eff am I going to climb the entire way up?! But slowly but surely, with the right team, I did it. The most challenging thing for me was actually the physical work because it wasn't only because we had to do so many refined choreographies, and horse riding, and training every day. Even when you shoot, it was pathetic, I had a tent in the studio, and every time we had a break I went training, so I was like training all the time. So it was very difficult, and when you add to the mix the fact that we shot in England in the middle of winter, wearing not much, that was the biggest challenge that I had on the set. I was so cold, I could hardly talk.

**What did you learn from *Batman v Superman* that you brought to the *Wonder Woman* movie?**
It was a very interesting process, because with *Batman v Superman* we basically started with the end result. I had creative conversations with Zack Snyder to understand the background of *Wonder Woman*, but we started at the end. And I was really looking forward to shooting the solo movie, because I wanted to go through the journey from beginning to end, and see and feel how the character evolved. The process was very different. In *Wonder Woman* I started as Diana Prince, and by the end I was much more. I understood the complexities of the world, and I wasn't as innocent as I when I just started my journey. So the process was very interesting, and I also now I know that the character I play in *Batman v Superman* was different to the one I become in *Wonder Woman*, and even in *Justice League*, which I filmed straight afterwards. At the end of *Batman v Superman* Diana says something about how you can't trust men, how men have made the world an impossible place to live in, which is why you might assume that she's lost her faith in humankind. But actually, shooting the solo movie, we realised that Diana Prince can never lose her faith in humankind. If anything this is her calling: she would never lose hope, she would always accept different views, she would always have compassion and tolerance, and she will always try to do good and be better.

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# WELCOME TO THE CRYING ROOM

**A REFLECTION ON A WORLD LONG-FORGOTTEN. A WORLD FULL OF BREASTS, GLASS ROOMS AND ELIZABETH TAYLOR FILMS.**
**BY CHARLES WATERSTREET**

CIGARETTE smoke curls up through the flickering light from the projector at the back of the theatre, and hunches its shoulders near the ceiling, spreading out until it hangs like curtains from every wall. A hundred points of light flare with every breath. Mum loves the flicks, especially with Elizabeth Taylor, and *A Place in the Sun* streams onto the screen. It is a hot summer day outside but dark as night in the Regent, the afternoon session attracting all kinds of riff-raff without better things to do. Harry Belafonte sings, "Oh, island in the sun, willed to me by my father's hand…" I sit in the front stalls, half price for the best seat in the house, my hand in a packet of Twisties, in and out, in and out, licking the yellow crumbs off my fingers. I am alone in the black belly of the cinema. I tear the packet to lick the last of the Twisties and now there's nothing left. "All my days I will sing in praise" goes through and over my head. I want more.

Where's Mum? She brought me with Katherine-Ann in the pram, made me walk. Things haven't been the same since my sister was born. How could you do that to an only child? Five years as an only child, then: wham, bam, thank you ma'am. She drops a bundle and I'm no longer the only sun in her sky. Damn, got something in my eye, it stings. I rub it but it hurts more. Blink. Blink. Blink. Still stings like hell, probably cigarette ash falling like snow from the ceiling. Where's Mum? I put my hand over my closed eye to stop the pain and look around. I can't see her.

The music goes on. "Casting nets at the surging tide." I stand up and look back. "Sit down." "Get out of the way." My head is in the flickering light, my gigantic head with its stinging eye is on the screen like a black watermelon. People are booing me. I can't see properly, I hit my shin on the metal part of the seat. Oh, where's Mum? I can't see anything, even with my good eye, shit, the other one really hurts, the more I rub it, the more it hurts. Can't see anyone's face, just their mouths shouting stuff at me. In the aisle, inching my way to the back where the projector shines, inch at a time in my stinging sandals, my hand goes from seat to seat, people are half standing near the aisle trying to help me find my way. Another hand moving to cover my eye… "Help," I cry, "help!"

Suddenly I can see Mum's face, next to Elizabeth Taylor's reflected face on the glass, in the crying room right at the back. I can make it out, she is wet-nursing Katherine-Ann. I run forward and fall onto the glass with my one good hand smeared yellow with leftover Twisties as I slap the glass. "Mum, Mum, I can't see and it really hurts. I want more Twisties!" I can see all the other mothers with their breasts out: there is Mrs Buchanan, Mrs Dalgleish and their angry babies demanding to be fed, and they're looking at me as if I'm a perve and I'm looking at them with my one good eye, white beautiful breasts, half a dozen of them lined up like rockmelons. Oh my God, I want all of this. Belafonte sings, "I hope the day will never come when I can't awake to the sound of drum."

**CRYING ROOMS ARE DYING OUT ALL OVER THE WORLD. I WAS LUCKY TO SEE SO MANY BREASTS ALL AT ONCE IN THE MID-AFTERNOON WITH ONLY ONE EYE**

They don't make them anymore. There's nowhere a nursing mother can sit behind glass and breastfeed her baby at the movies. Crying rooms are dying out all over the world. I was lucky to see so many breasts all at once in the mid-afternoon with only one eye. If you want to take a baby to a movie now, you can't breastfeed it for all the tutting, like the theme from *60 Minutes*. Things will never be the same. You can't smoke in cinemas anymore, either. You can't sit with other mothers in the safety of the special glassed-in room where babies can lap up the milk like cats at saucers. Katherine-Ann was not the only one that Mum rocked into my universe of one. Three others came like annual picnics, and life would never be the same. I'll never forget the sight of those tits: all round, all busty, all curved.

# YOU'RE GETTING VERY SLEEPY

**HYPNOTISM IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO MAKE SOMEONE DITCH THEIR ADDICTIONS OR ACT LIKE FOOLS ON A STAGE. SOMETIMES IT CAN EVEN MAKE PEOPLE DO SOMETHING THEY REALLY SHOULDN'T DO.**

**BY SEAN BRUCE**

IN showbiz, there are few acts that have a retro kitsch factor on the level of a stage hypnotist. We imagine a man with a black, bushy moustache, twisted and curled like a villain's in an old black-and-white silent film. He's wearing a silk cape and a turban while he rocks a medallion back and forth, droning in a monotone voice: "You are getting veeeeery sleepy."

It's the sort of thing you don't see that much anymore.

A while back we had the pleasure of talking to one of the most famous stage and comedy hypnotists, Steven Spellmaster. He never did the whole cape and turban thing. His shtick was to have unsuspecting participants make absolute dicks of themselves – get them to act like chickens, or aeroplanes. Lots of people think it's bullshit, but Spellmaster assured us that it is 100 per cent real. He even visits a hypnotist for personal reasons – kind of like seeing a therapist, except you're asleep the whole time and afterwards you might have the urge to peck the ground for seeds at the sound of a clapping hand.

While today hypnotists are found mostly at corporate events – getting Mike from marketing to act like Lady Gaga – or even in therapy situations – trying to get people to ditch smoking and drinking and other fun things – the idea of hypnotism is as old as anything else in human history. It's like breathing: we all have the ability to hypnotise and be hypnotised. Ancient texts from India and Egypt confirm this, and we've all seen gurus and mystics perform incredible feats of strength and endurance while in a trance state.

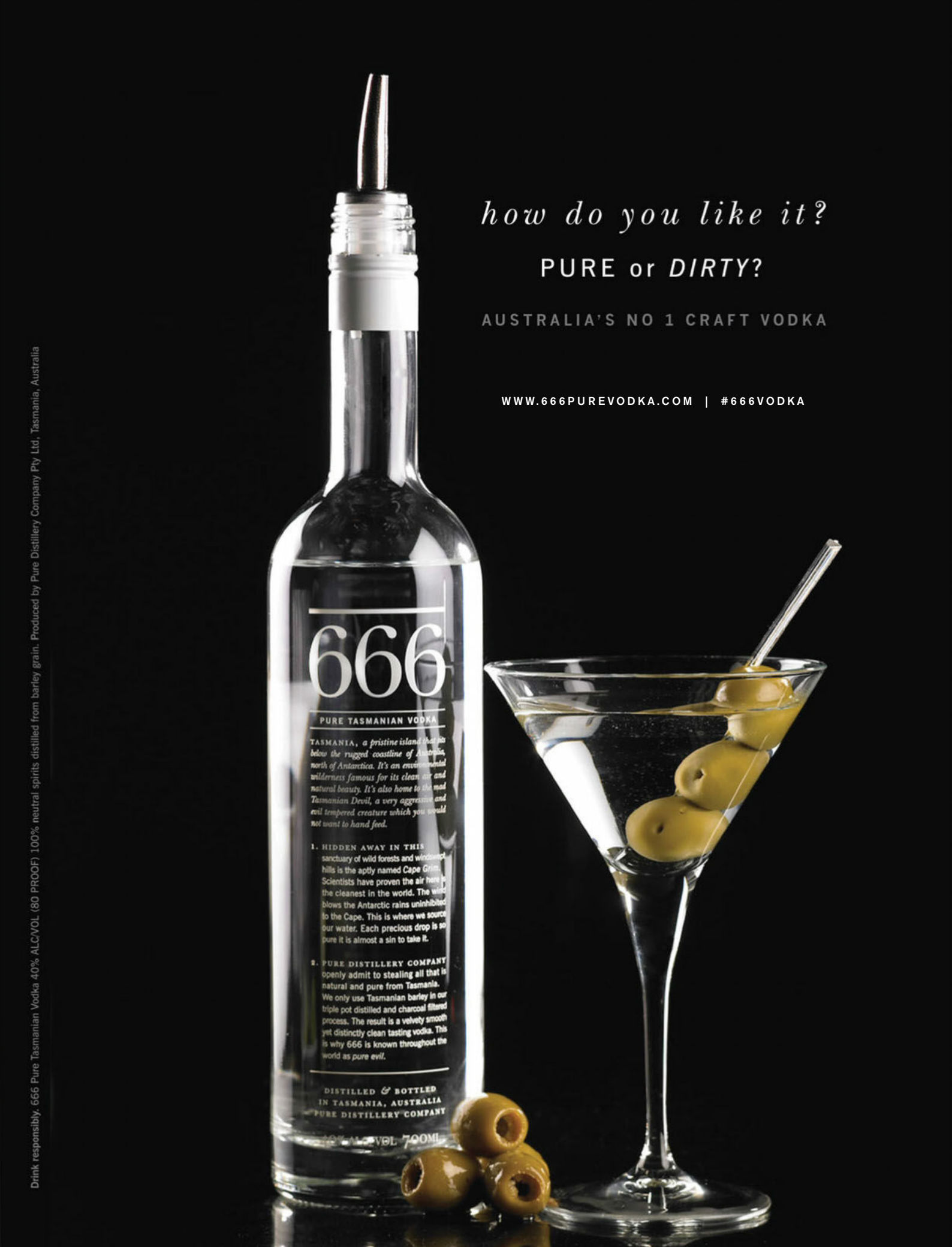
In the Western world the practice was popularised during the eighteenth century. Franz Mesmer, from whom we get the term "mesmerise", was one of the first mainstream hypnotists. He was equal part occult magician and scientist, and the basis for the archetypal cape and turban hypnotist. Mesmer theorised that hypnosis was caused by an ethereal fluid he termed "animal magnetism", which was transferred from practitioner to patient. He would wear a cloak and play mystical tunes on his glass harmonica while he tied up his patients with rope, along which he passed his animal magnetism. Of course he was hopelessly wrong – there were no magic fluids being passed. And hopefully no fluids of any variety, quite frankly.



He may have been wrong about the fluids thing, but there is no doubt that hypnotism can be very effective in the hands of a skilled practitioner. Sometimes a little *too* effective.

History is littered with bizarre stories of unwitting people being put under a hypnotic spell to do something they really shouldn't have done. Like murder someone. For example, in 1894, a wealthy farmer called Anderson Gray from Sumner County, Kansas, was embroiled in a lawsuit. To silence one of the witnesses in the case, Thomas Patton, he went to his stablehand Thomas McDonald and told him that Patton was spreading rumours about his wife. The two ended up in an argument, and the next day Gray returned to his stable hand and apparently hypnotised him, telling the young man that he would have to kill Patton or Patton would kill him first. McDonald tried to resist, but the power of Gray's hypnosis was too strong. The young stable hand went out into the woods where Patton was riding and shot him through the heart. He wasn't even a good marksman – the power of hypnosis had turned him temporarily into a perfect sharpshooter.

Spellmaster told us that you can never use hypnosis to make someone do something they don't want to do, but the judge in this case apparently held a different opinion. Gray, the hypnotist, was arrested and sentenced to hang, while McDonald, who fully admitted pulling the trigger, was let off scot-free.


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TO mark the sixtieth anniversary of this iconic timepiece, Breitling has released its redesigned Superocean Héritage line. While the Superocean Héritage II retains the DNA of its predecessor, the horologists at the Breitling Chronoworks Performance Labs have imbued these beauties with a couple of contemporary updates. The main development is a new steel bezel with an ultra-hard high-tech ceramic ring that is scratchproof and extremely shock resistant. The Superocean Héritage II is available in two watch sizes (42 and 46mm) and as a 46mm chronograph, all available in three colours: black, blue and bronze.

PHOTOGRAPHY : DIANA MELFI MODELS : KAITLIN DODD & JESSIE NELSON





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Interview with **Tony Graziani** from Scuderia Graziani, Sydney's most prestigious dealership.

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The Ferrari F330 is incredibly rare, beautiful and iconic in look.

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F330: the performance. It drives like a sports car. Very luxurious.
Aston: I love it. If I was to buy a car that wasn't Italian, I would buy an Aston. It's good quality, the best brand.

The **Ferrari F330 GT Series 1** is a head turner. Step into this car a boy, step out a man, if you can make it through the gaggle of women chasing you – though given the monster V12 engine residing under the hood, an awesome 300hp and a 4-speed manual gearbox with overdrive, it won't be a problem. Retaining its original leather interior for over 50 years, this is an extremely rare, incredibly attractive vehicle that drives as well as it looks.

***Price: AUD $500,000***
***+ statutory charges***

Surely the most famous motor car in the world is the **Aston Martin DB5**. Its 50-year association with secret agent Mr Bond has certainly played a part, but you can't go past the sheer beauty of this vehicle. It's a masterpiece on wheels. At $1.5 million, it's a lot to ask for a car – but then again, if you had to ask the price you probably couldn't afford it anyway, so just enjoy the eye candy.

***Price: AUD $1.5million***
***+ statutory charges***







**SUPEROCEAN HÉRITAGE II 42**

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Jessie dressed by
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**SUPEROCEAN HÉRITAGE II 42**

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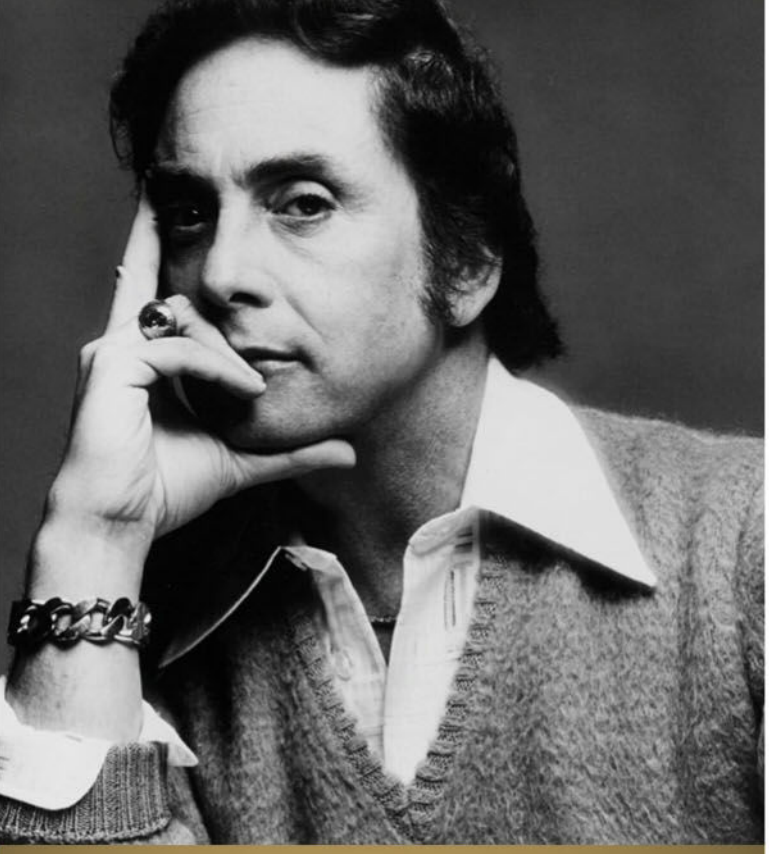
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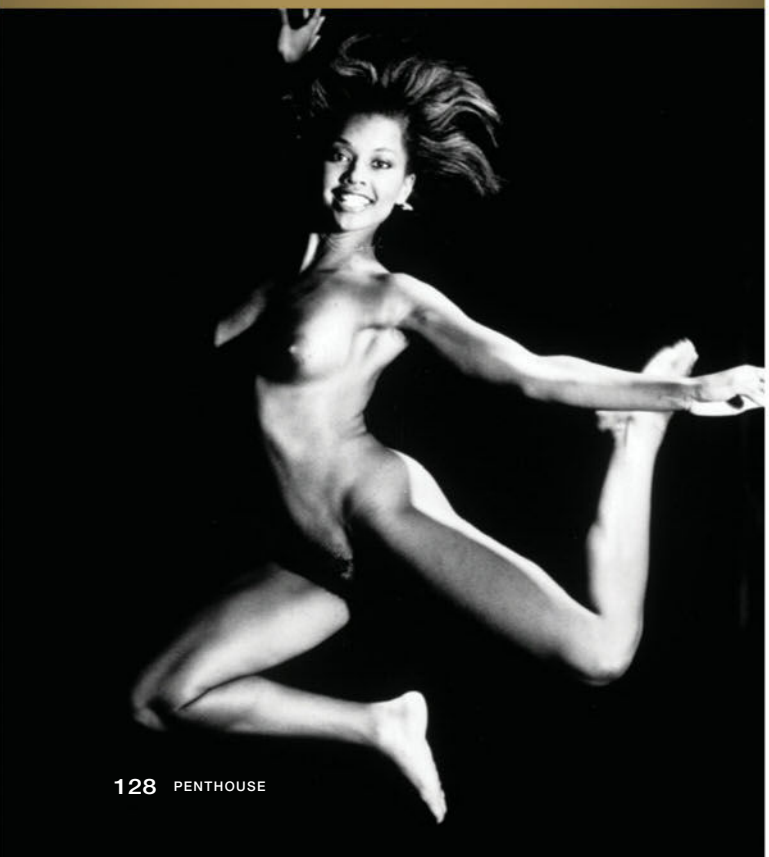
# GUCCIONE

## THE RETROSPECTIVE

**From shy nudes, to mesmerising tan lines, to blowing rival *Playboy* off the newsstands with its circulation clout – the history of *Penthouse* has been richly colourful and unapologetically controversial. What follows is over a half-century snapshot of publishing delivered with passion and purpose...**



"THE SEPTEMBER 1984 ISSUE FEATURING MISS AMERICA VANESSA WILLIAMS SOLD OUT ITS PRINT RUN OF 5.6 MILLION"



IT WAS over 50 years ago when an American artist living in London, Bob Guccione (left), decided to get with the new permissive society and offer a raunchier competitor to *Playboy*.

Back in 1965 Guccione didn't have the budget to employ staff, so he became the photographer and editor of the magazine, while his girlfriend Kathy Keeton sold the advertising and managed the office. The first 120,000 copies of his new venture sold out in five days, and Guccione avoided the mail laws he was breaking by remaining in his London flat for two weeks. In 1967 he tested the moral boundaries of the Swinging Sixties by revealing the Pets' pubic hair, and in 1969 he launched a US version of *Penthouse* which set the format that would be so successful through the 1970s and 1980s: naked women, political journalism and a dirty comic called Wicked Wanda.

It was the New York-based *Penthouse* blend of titillating but intelligent content that would make Guccione one of America's richest individuals by the 1980s. He had an instinct for outrage, and not just his boldness in showing increasingly explicit photography of women. He also went for publishing coups, such as the September 1984 issue which featured nude photos of Miss America Vanessa Williams, which sold out its print run of 5.6 million. That issue was controversial for another reason: the centrefold was porn star Traci Lords – it was revealed she was 15 at the time of the shoot. Guccione published nude photos of a pre-fame Madonna, and in 1992 published photos of Gennifer Flowers, the onetime mistress of Bill Clinton. Other outrages included honeymoon pics of the rival-attacking ice skater Tonya Harding and a semi-nude Paula Jones, a women who'd accused Bill Clinton of sleeping around. In the late 1990s the magazine published the 'stolen' honeymoon tapes of Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson.

Guccione was a purveyor of voyeuristic sex, but his instinct for journalism was good. He disliked political hypocrisy and cover-ups and he used his magazine to reveal truths, and in the process *Penthouse* became the publication that published stories the mainstream media avoided. Guccione personally commissioned investigative articles on governments, the Mafia, Big Pharma, Pentagon defence contractors and the cancer industry. He supported





such journalism years before the large newspapers thought it advisable.

*Penthouse* won the top award from the American Society of Journalists and Authors two years in a row, and in 1997 the magazine was cited for revealing the US government's cover-up of soldiers' illnesses in the Gulf War – what would later be called Gulf War Syndrome. In 1996 *Penthouse* won two reporting awards from the ASJA, one for its expose of how the US private healthcare system mistreated patients and doctors. *Penthouse* journalism was always on the side of the 'regular Joe', against the might of self-serving governments and corporations, and Guccione's editorial ethos was never stronger than in his support of America's military personnel. In 1974 the magazine ran a monthly series of articles about the government's betrayal of Vietnam veterans. Guccione was enraged that his government sent young men to a war and then abandoned them to deal with their physical injuries and psychological trauma. He invested a lot of his wealth in a lobbying office he established in Washington DC.

Guccione remained an entrepreneurial spirit, and in 1976 he invested more than US$17 million in the historical film epic *Caligula*. Made in Italy, it starred Malcolm McDowell, Helen Mirren, John Gielgud and Peter O'Toole. The movie was banned in many countries after its release in 1979 and savaged by critics.

As the internet drove sexual interest online, *Penthouse* searched for new relevance – and for a limited time experimented with couples photography, full penetration and fetishism.

*Penthouse* and Guccione's fortunes reached their peak in the 1980s: the issue containing nude pictures of Vanessa Williams sold nearly 6 million copies and made $14 million. But Guccione lost millions on a proposed casino in Atlantic City, and in 1985 he had to pay $45 million in delinquent taxes. In the late 1980s, Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography issued a report attacking the adult entertainment industry, which started a slow backlash against corner stores carrying titles such as *Playboy* and *Penthouse*.

Guccione died a virtual recluse in 2010, aged 80. The US edition of the magazine and the global brand he started, however, continues in good health.



"GUCCIONE WAS A PURVEYOR OF VOYEURISTIC SEX, BUT HE ALSO USED HIS MAGAZINE TO PUBLISH STORIES THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA AVOIDED"





# Q&A
## GEORGE LOIS

**Lois was the ad-man genius behind the campaign to highlight *Penthouse*'s circulation victory over rival *Playboy*.**

**What's your fondest memory of working with *Penthouse*?**
I never went to the *Penthouse* office – I always went straight to the Gooch at his townhouse, where your life was always in jeopardy as five humungous Rhodesian ridgeback guard dogs could literally trample a human to death. The only person who could control them was the lovely Kathy Keeton, a great lady who was totally involved in Bob's business and personal life.

**Creatively, what was it like to work with Bob Guccione?**
Always thinking, always kibitzing, and a gentleman – he always understood a Big Idea, and more importantly, always okayed them.

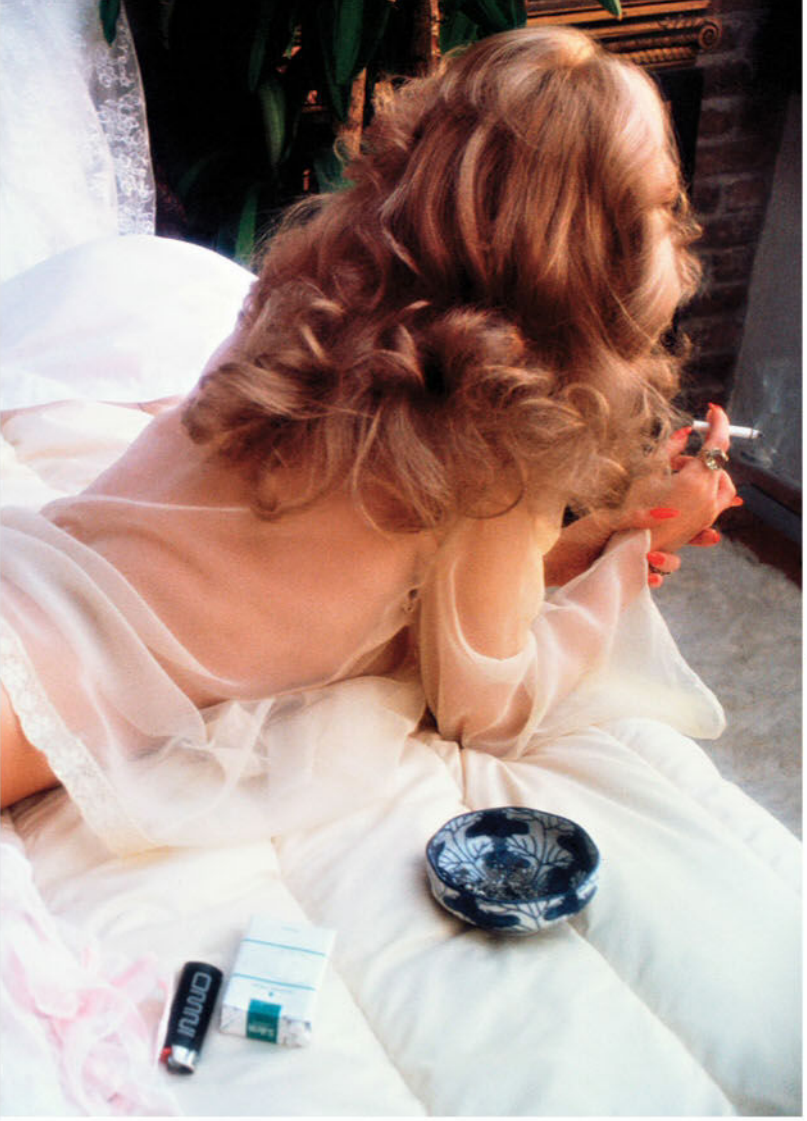
**What is the key to creating an iconic magazine cover?**
'A Big Idea' that nails the zeitgeist of the times. Examples from other publications:

- Sonny Liston as the first black Santa, the last man white America would want to see coming down its chimney.
- Muhammad Ali depicted as the martyr Saint Sebastian for refusing to fight in a bad war, tying together the incendiary issues of the Vietnam War, race and religion.
- Andy Warhol being devoured by fame as he drowns in a can of Campbell's Soup.
- JFK, RFK and Dr. King in a hagiographic fantasy, hauntingly watching over Arlington Cemetery.
- Lt. Calley facing trial for the My Lai massacre, posing grinning in the midst of four solemn Vietnamese children.

**The *Caligula* movie – all-time cult classic or box-office flop?**
Both: an all-time cult classic *and* a box-office flop!












## DEFINING THE *PENTHOUSE* ASSAULT ON *PLAYBOY* by George Lois

After more than a decade of publishing soft-focus T & A photos of young, "innocent" models, with the sexual revolution at its height, Guccione escalated his pubic war against Hugh Hefner and *Playboy* over who could get away with more, by showing full-frontal nudity ("going pink" was the street expression). In 1979, by outraunching *Playboy*, *Penthouse* hit its all-time high of 4.7 million copies sold. So, wearing a black silk shirt open to the waist, tight black leather pants, a profusion of gold chains and charms about his neck, and with five humongous Rhodesian ridgeback guard dogs loping through his immense Roman palazzo living room, the Gooch hired me to flaunt his victory in his war against *Playboy*. The first salvo in my campaign was a full-page ad in the major metropolitan newspapers, including the *New York Times*, that featured the bullet-riddled Playboy Rabbit logo, with a headline that exclaimed, ***Penthouse* goes Rabbit Hunting.** (**Bang! Bang! we gotcha!**) Hugh Hefner went apoplectic and threatened to sue Guccione, until he realised he was drawing nationwide TV attention to the news that *Penthouse* was overtaking *Playboy*. Bob went on to have a six-foot blow-up made of the poster and kept it in his town house so he could throw darts at it.

– Edited extract from *George Lois: The Big Idea* (Assouline Publishing, www.assouline.com)





# GUCCIONE

## THE RETROSPECTIVE

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# BREAK-UP DON'TS

**DON'T BE A SUCKER WHEN YOU GET DUMPED. THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN DESPERATELY LEAVING 20 MISSED CALLS AT 4AM**

OPINION

# WHAT (NOT) TO DO WHEN YOU'RE DUMPED

**ONE MAN'S GRAND ROMANTIC GESTURE HAS UNEXPECTED REPERCUSSIONS.**
**BY GUY RUNDLE**

WHEN a gal dumps you and you didn't see it coming, how bad can it get? Luke Howard found out. The lanky, floppy-haired young Englishman was probably already annoying enough to judge by his photo: light-blue jacket, knotted blue scarf, with the pleading eyes of a dog a farmer's just about to shoot. Then he was dumped and instead of taking a man's bounty – a week of vodka, kebabs, leaving messages that destroy what faint possibility of reconciliation remained, re-watching *The Shield* on DVD and cry/wanking through the national copyright cards ("Albania! She wanted to go to Albania!", splooge) – he dragged an upright piano onto College Green in the centre of the city of Bristol and announced he would keep playing until she came back to him (he called her 'Rapunzel', ugh). He thought it might be done with a romantic gesture.

He might be right but we'll never know, because playing clunky "Popcorn" in the full open doesn't count. What's interesting is that no one thought it counted, even as the story flashed around the world. Nevertheless he continued, until in the summer dark of 4am, someone punched him in the head. Maybe it was a yob, maybe it was the college counselling head who saw no other option, whoever they were, a knighthood is surely in the offing.

Question is, why did this gesture – which might have passed muster 20 years ago – seem so, well, damn annoying to the whole world? You didn't even need to hear the guy grinding out "New York State of Mind" for the mere information that he might have done so to make your day just that little bit crappier. I don't mean to add to Howard's bad feeling – and let's face it, there's a greater than average chance he'll be reading publications like this at this period of his life – but he's really done a disservice to the survival of the romantic gesture. In the wake of his lame-o try, the general cry went up that all romantic gestures were now unwelcome. Any sort of demonstrative, performative offer/demand/plea was now an imposition, a gaggle of commentariatistas quoth, speaking for all womankind who had apparently elected them to the role.

This is, to put it romantically, of course bollocks, and I speak as the natural expert on the matter of romance: a short, fat, middle-aged, untidy single man who has to work for every sniff of it, like Isambard Kingdom Brunel running a railway up the side of a Welsh mountain range. It is we the anti-Aznavours who put all that thought into it, timing post-film festival strolls through the park to coincide with a fireworks display rehearsal, sourcing two golden palominos in Adelaide, hacking her therapist's records to find out her favourite childhood holiday to choose a restaurant accordingly (I have never done that) – all things that are to us what 7-Elevan deodorant and skid-mark patrol are to the prefect/First 11/functional psychopath set.

The problem with Howard's act – other than noodling out "Wind Beneath My Wings" with two fingers, which is probably why she dumped him in the first place – is that the act has no internal shape to it, lacking wit, narrative and risk. Wit: there has to be some inversion of what she does or is. Narrative: it's got to rise to a crescendo, a near-unbearable pitch. Risk: there's got to be some chance of sudden disfiguring injury or irrevocable loss on your part. So, she's a violinist? *Get fifty* pianists to assemble instruments outside her window and play the part to her party piece. An air safety inspector? Shoot yourself out of a cannon, the parabola of your trajectory peaking over her house, and call her to calculate where to put the mat as you fly over. She's a teacher who likes barbecues? Go to Afghanistan and burn down an unfinished schoolhouse, live on CNN. OK, not that last one. You see what a fine line it is?

**IN THE WAKE OF HIS LAME-O TRY, THE GENERAL CRY WENT UP THAT ALL ROMANTIC GESTURES WERE NOW UNWELCOME**

Yes, women who don't have a book deal like it. Yes, it plays into *la difference* between men and women, whether it be biological, cultural or both. No, people don't want romance confined to rom-coms. That's the deadened version of social life that some people are trying to sell us in the name of equality and safety: one in which every aspect of life is compartmentalised, public space locked down, workplaces a series of legal relationships, love and sex confined to a merry-go-round of online profiles and swiping left and right. Yes, the rules around public space have changed. But unless we want all surprise, possibility and the prospect of sudden lurching changing something happening, the moment when the dull routine yields to a whole new world. The opposite of romance isn't indifference, it's neediness. The act has to be a gift, not a subtraction. Poor Luke Howard. You just know the guy who cold-cocked him was after Rapunzel too. And that was the romantic gesture.


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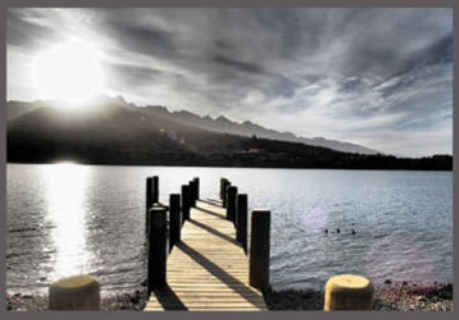












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OPINION

# OLD DOESN'T MEAN COOL

**IT'S ABOUT TIME WE STOPPED LOOKING TO THE PAST FOR INSPIRATION.**
**BY STEPHEN CORBY**

THE very idea that things that are old can be cool seems anathema to everything we learn as children, or at least as teenagers. Our parents are not cool, nor is anything that they like, and our grandparents are so far removed from what is hip that they've had theirs replaced.

This is why old people can get away with chuckling ruefully when things that they thought were 'groovy' are now 'awesome', like vinyl records or the kind of moustaches they grew up seeing on porn stars. Or Burt Reynolds. (And while we're on that topic, we did a survey of attractive women to find out just what they think of hipster blokes rocking mos, and it turns out they react to the word, let alone an actual top-lip caterpillar, the same way they generally react to the terms 'anal sex' or 'hairy back'.)

Unfortunately, and illogically, a lot of people seem to believe that simply attaching the word 'cool' to another word will magically make it so. There are few things worse than someone being ironically cool, while hipster-cool is as much a contradiction in terms as 'bearded baby' or 'boiling ice'.

The cool du jour though, for several years now, has been retro-cool, which implies that things that are old and outdated, or what we might call proven failures, are worth celebrating or reanimating.

But the simple fact is that retro is all too often just another slick term for lazy.

Not so long ago car companies caught the retro-virus, producing shocking horrors like the Volkswagen New Beetle, which was basically a Golf in an awfully oversized hoop skirt with a stupid vase on the dashboard. It had about as much genuine connection with the original as Donald Trump has with Abraham Lincoln.

It was a similar story with the New Mini, which turned out to be a not very mini-Mini at all, thanks to the fact that no-one really wants to go the full retro by being small and skinny, the way we used to be before we adopted lifestyles of conspicuous consumption.

Retro furniture doesn't work for the same reason; the original designs it was based on were a bit shit and weren't built for wide-screen-sized arses.

Fashion loves to get its retro on, but you have to be a particular kind of thick – or perhaps shallow is a better dimensional definition – to think that body shirts, hang-glider-sized collars or flared pants are ever going to be cool again. On the plus side, super-miniskirts can make as many comebacks as they like, frankly.

The film industry is another one that loves the idea of retro, based on the fact that something that worked once might just sell again and that old people might be sucked in (along with the young ones) by the memory of something they loved as kids. But how often does that really work?

Rebooting *Alien*, *The Terminator*, *Psycho* (a shot-by-shot remake, seriously?) and even a movie as unremarkable as *Point Break* might seem like a good investment because at least you don't have to pay a writer to come up with an actual new idea, but how many of those tiresome re-run remakes have actually been satisfying, or even watchable? Yes, we'll give you the *Dark Knight* series as the exception that breaks the rule, but that's it.

As for retro porn, let's just hope that idea doesn't catch on. Nobody wants to go back to women with Groucho Marx moustaches covering their groins or blokes with Ron Jeremy moustaches on their faces and pot bellies almost obscuring their downstairs departments.

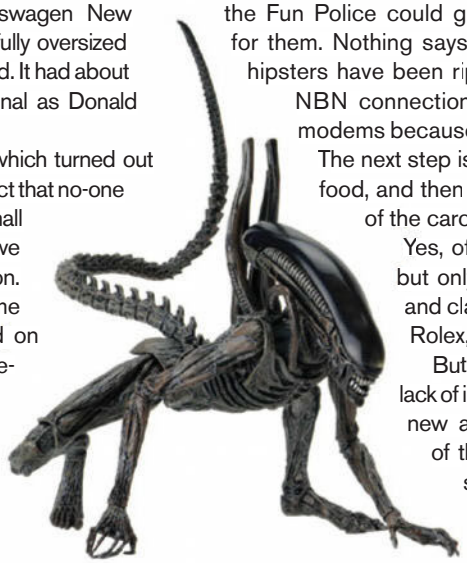
**THE FILM INDUSTRY IS ANOTHER ONE THAT LOVES THE IDEA OF RETRO, THAT SOMETHING THAT WORKED ONCE MIGHT JUST SELL AGAIN.**

Hipsters, of course, have a lot to answer for, and we're not just talking about their shit beards. Perhaps they all have Daddy issues and want to be the thrusting, sun-tanned hirsute heroes of their childhoods, when men were men and the Fun Police could go and fuck off. But it ain't working for them. Nothing says sad and pathetic like the fact that hipsters have been ripping out their awesome Australian NBN connections and replacing them with dial-up modems because… well, because it's retro, basically.

The next step is surely catching and killing your own food, and then making really stupidly tight jeans out of the carcasses.

Yes, of course, some retro things are cool, but only because some things are timeless and classic and will never go out of style – a Rolex, a Porsche 911, a proper martini.

But the kind of retro that simply represents a lack of imagination, a failure to make something new and a lazy leaning on the successes of the past? It really does all need to be sucked up and swept into the dustbin of history, preferably by some kind of robotic vacuum cleaner.





CREDIT: SUPERJOSEPH

OPINION

# FAKE RAPE CRISIS

**AUSTRALIAN UNIVERSITIES ARE IGNORING THE DAMNING RESULTS OF US LAWSUITS THAT SHOW A DISTURBING RISE IN MALE STUDENTS FALSELY ACCUSED OF SEXUAL ASSAULT.**
**BY BETTINA ARNDT**

WARNING – think carefully about sending your sons off to university in Australia. And be cautious about how you handle yourself if you are studying there. Our universities are becoming increasingly hostile places for male students and, given the grip feminists have on our higher education system, that's only going to get worse.

Just look at the success activists have had in promoting a fake rape crisis on our campuses. Australia is fast heading for the nightmare that has hit the American university system, which is fighting off lawsuits from male students who have been thrown out of their colleges after being falsely accused of sexual assault.

The colleges have lost the majority of these Federal Court cases – 37 out of 53, according to Brooklyn College history professor K.C. Johnson, co-author of *The Campus Rape Frenzy: The Attack on Due Process at America's Universities*. Many colleges pay out six-figure settlements says Johnson, who is monitoring 170 similar cases currently working their way through the US court system.

Thousands of young men have had their education derailed and their lives shattered as a result of a kangaroo court system of tribunals imposed on publicly funded universities by the Obama administration. Women are being encouraged to charge men with sexual assault if they have been drinking before having sex, or if they change their mind about consent during or after the event. None of the usual rules about fair trials apply here. The male students have no access to lawyers, they sometimes don't even know who accused them, they don't get to see any of the evidence and often can't use text or Facebook messages between the two young people to prove their innocence.

Columbia University in New York faced a big payout recently to a young man after it allowed his rape accuser to carry her mattress around the campus for three years – even after the university found no evidence supporting her allegations. She achieved international celebrity as the Columbia Mattress Girl and was even given credit towards her fine arts degree for this 'performance art', which publicly shamed the innocent male student.

Funnily enough, just at the time Columbia was being rapped over the knuckles by the US Federal Court, so-called 'rape victims' were parading around our own Parliament House carrying mattresses and trying to bully our universities into doing more to support our own rape crisis on campuses.

That was in late July, just before the release of the Australian Human Rights Commission (HRC) survey into sexual assault and harassment, a survey that feminists were hoping would prove our campuses are not safe places for young women. They had long been arguing that female students are at risk – a National Union of Students survey had found 73 per cent of students claimed to have been sexually assaulted or harassed. This crazy figure was from a self-selected survey using hugely expanded definitions, such as claiming any sex involving girls who had been drinking was necessarily sexual assault.

Most sexual assault cases involving students are actually all about regret-sex, and rarely end up with convictions in criminal court. Our sensible juries usually won't convict the young man on the basis of contradictory he-says, she-says evidence, and that's the reason for this whole campaign. Activists are pressuring universities to get involved in such cases in the hope of punishing more accused men – as happened in America.

These activists have spent years preparing the groundwork for the HRC survey. Universities across Australia have screened a campus rape propaganda movie called *The Hunting Ground*, which is replete with horrendous tales of sexual mayhem on US college campuses. But the film has been thoroughly discredited – 19 Harvard law professors have denounced the movie as "biased propaganda" for misrepresenting two key legal cases in which the alleged rapists were ultimately exonerated in Federal Court.

**BUT THEN, SURPRISE, SURPRISE. EVEN AFTER THIS HIGHLY ORGANISED CAMPAIGN, THE SURVEY REVEALED GREAT NEWS. NO RAPE CULTURE ON OUR CAMPUSES.**

Many of our universities not only showed *The Hunting Ground* but give credit to the organisation promoting the movie when framing new policies being introduced regarding sexual assault. The Hunting Ground Project donated $150,000 for seed funding for the HRC survey.

But then, surprise, surprise. Even after this highly organised campaign, the survey revealed great news: no rape culture on our campuses. Only 1.6 per cent of students reported being sexually assaulted on campus in 2015-2016 – even using a broad definition that included being "tricked into sexual acts against their will". And most of these events weren't even on campus but took place while students were travelling on public transport or simply elsewhere. Most of these students didn't report the sexual assaults either, because they didn't feel it was



on this whole issue. The newspaper published an editorial saying, "Campus rape? Call the police".

While it is true that our criminal justice system in the past failed many rape victims it is now "totally geared towards providing young complainants with a compassionate and complete hearing," says Margaret Cunneen SC, one of NSW's most senior crown prosecutors who is best known for securing convictions in the Bilal Skaf-led gang rape cases in Sydney. Cunneen thinks it is nonsense to suggest that our highly educated, privileged young female students would be particularly at risk by simply choosing not to report rape.

According to the police reports collected by the NSW Bureau of Crime Statistics, university campuses are about 100 times safer than the rest of the community. There were 14 campus sexual assault reports to police between 2012 and 2016 compared with 24,498 across the state. So comparing NSW university populations (students and staff) with total numbers in the state this means people are 108 times more likely to be sexually assaulted across NSW than on one of the state's university campuses. National data is not available, but there seems no reason to believe that other states would show much variation.

So there's every reason to think our campuses are pretty safe places. But despite the reassuring news from the HRC survey, leaders of our universities are still pandering to the feminists, setting up 24-hour hotlines for sexual assault victims and requiring

**ACCORDING TO THE POLICE REPORTS COLLECTED BY THE NSW BUREAU OF CRIME STATISTICS, UNIVERSITY CAMPUSES ARE ROUGHLY 100 TIMES SAFER THAN THE REST OF THE COMMUNITY.**

serious enough (40 per cent) or because they did not need any help (another 40 per cent).

All this million-dollar exercise came up with was a high incidence of low-level harassment – mainly staring and sexual jokes or comments.

It was quite extraordinary watching our media ignoring the true statistics and promoting the fake news story about the rape crisis on our campuses. I was one of the very few journalists in mainstream media to expose what was going on, which inspired an attack from Lenore Taylor in *The Guardian*. Her final sentence quoted the former US Secretary of State Madeleine Albright: "There's a special place in hell for women who don't help other women."

Well, I happen to believe it is not helping young women to be scared into believing our campuses are unsafe places populated by serial rapists. Young women in our universities are being taught it is OK to lead a man on and encourage him to think she's interested in having sex. To give no sign that she is ambivalent about consent and then change her mind afterwards and charge him with rape. How is that teaching women to be moral, responsible adults with a duty to behave reasonably towards the men in their lives? Why are the rights of decent young men not being protected?

Of course I feel it is important that genuine rape victims have proper support and encouragement to take action against their attackers. But ultimately I agree with the *Chicago Tribune*'s take students to attend sexual consent courses that absolve women of any responsibility for the decision-making process that leads to a yes or no, let alone encouraging them to express those wishes clearly rather than keep men guessing. Courses that infantilise women and demonise men.

That's just the beginning. Across the country we are seeing universities penalising males for singing bawdy drinking songs or for posting comments rating the sexual attractiveness of young women on Facebook. Last year a young man was on the ABC's *The 7.30 Report* sheepishly apologising for having sung "disgusting songs which glorify rape". The lyrics included: *"I wish that all the ladies were buns in the oven/And if I was a baker/I'd cream them by the dozen."*

Pretty harmless stuff, I would have thought. I particularly enjoyed this sentence, which was included in the lyrics being denounced by *The 7.30 Report*: "I'd like to tickle their clitoris." Rape culture? On the contrary. Isn't this exactly what we women have long been asking for?

Jokes aside, it's hardly surprising that males are not feeling comfortable in the increasingly anti-male culture at our universities – 60 per cent of graduates are now women. In particular we are witnessing a ferocious campaign by feminists to shut down the slightest hint of lusty male sexuality. That's making college campuses very scary places indeed for testosterone-filled young men.

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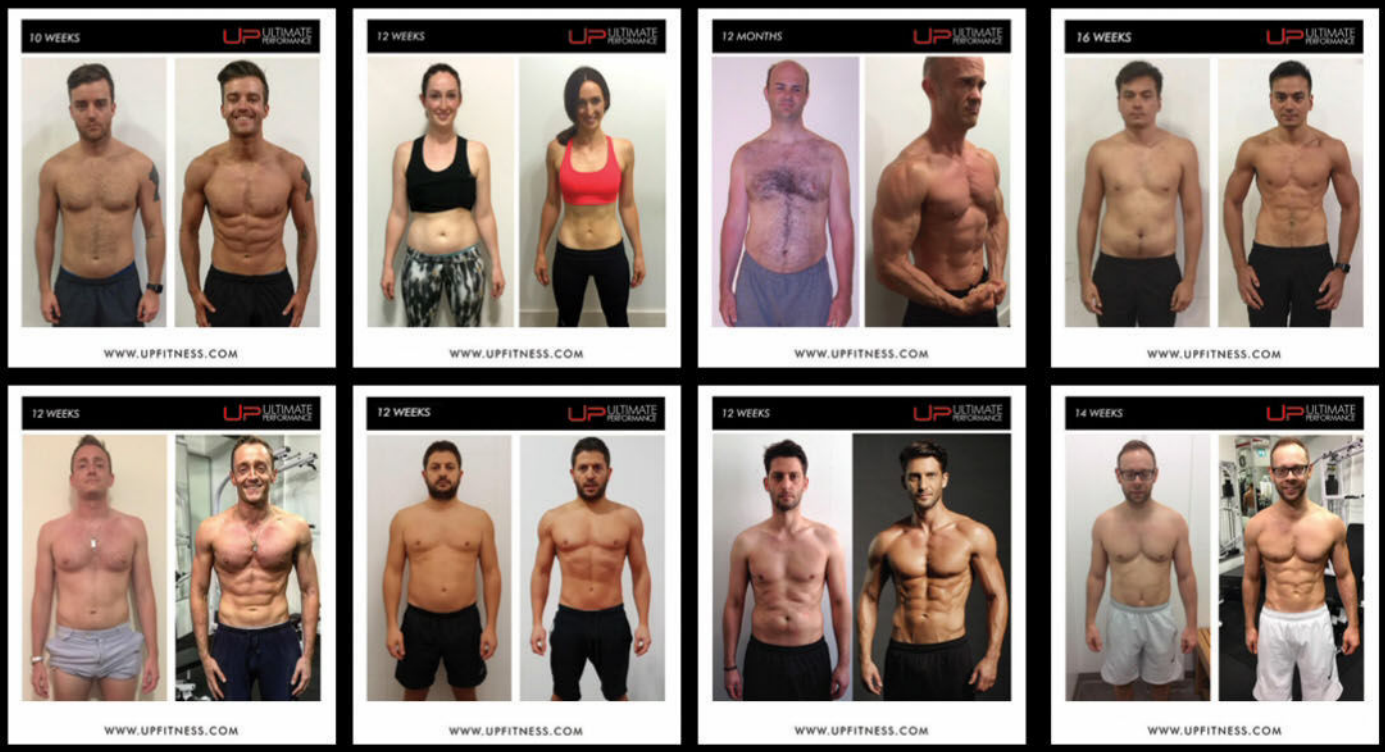
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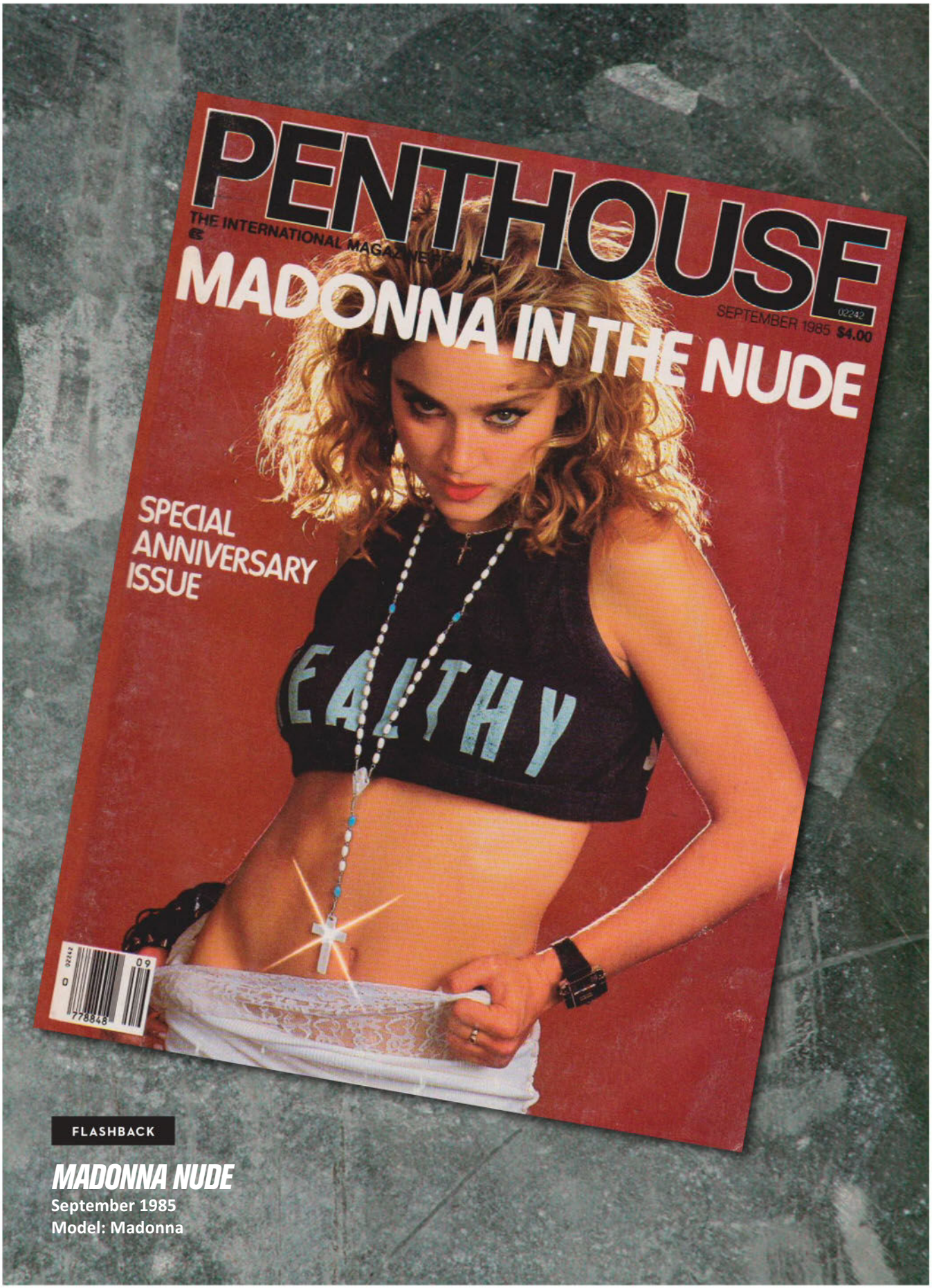
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